DOCTOR WHO

Starring
TOM BAKER
as DR WHO

ANNUAL 1980

Authorised edition
as seen on
BBC tv

World

DOCTOR WHO

ANNUAL
1980

PAUL CROMPTON

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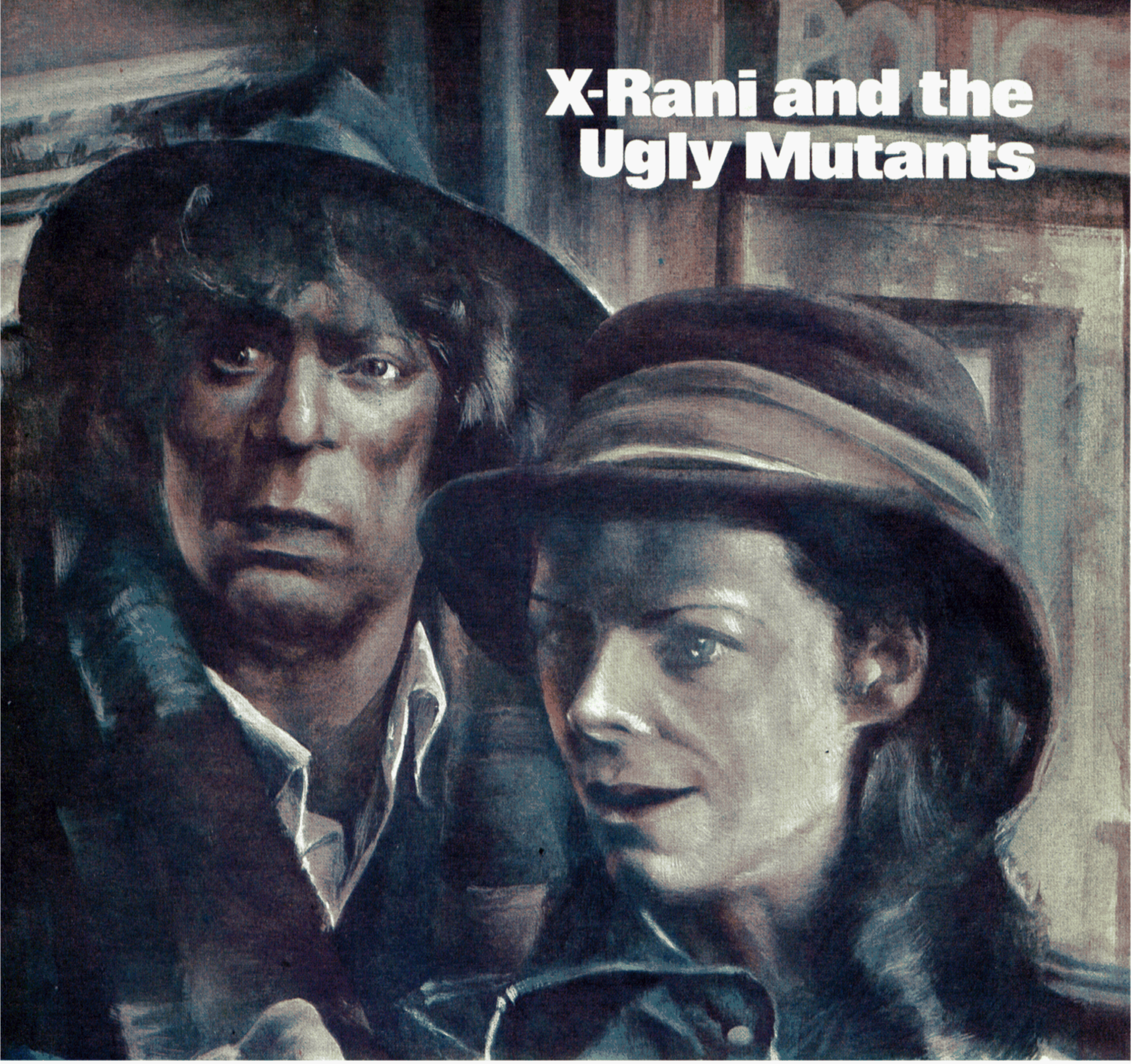
WORLD & WHITMAN

X-Rani and the Ugly Mutants



"So this is Xethra!" said Romana, as she stepped out from the Tardis. "The planet the Academy knew so little about."

"Perhaps there isn't much to know," suggested the Doctor. "Seems a lot like Earth, just a bit more wasted and doubtless devoid of . . ."

His voice trailed off, leaving the sentence hanging in mid-air. Romana turned to see why, and her eyes followed the Doctor's line of vision. As she saw the reason, she grinned.

"Devoid of life, were you about to say?"

"Life as they know it on Earth," replied the Doctor, deftly changing his tune. "Though I must say it's quite similar to the human form, apart from its gross misshapenness. Let's see if it's friendly."

The creature was indeed grotesque, standing on two strange legs, one thick and gnarled like a tree-trunk, and the other weak and wizened, like an old man's. The face was contorted beyond recognition, a travesty of a human face.

Romana could hardly bear to look. It was a far worse sight than any mechanical monster, or a ferocious wild beast. She hoped it was an illusion, a mirage in the desert wastes.

But as they moved towards it, the ugly head pivoted on an overlong neck. Before Romana could cry out in disgust, the creature itself let out a chilling scream and stumbled off as fast as its odd pair of legs would carry it.

"Well!" said the Doctor. "I wonder if that's par for the course, or whether it's just one unfortunate mutant. Either way, it's more scared of us than we are of it."

"Speak for yourself," said Romana, a trifle nervously. Her quivering voice rose to a shout. "Look! Over there! There it is *again!*"

The Doctor whisked round, eager to study the creature further. His narrowed eyes and furrowed brow gave his face a puzzled look. "Just a minute!" he exclaimed. "Take a closer look!"

"Do I have to?" asked Romana. "It's bad enough at just a cursory glance!"

"Ah, but look! Look at its legs!"

Romana immediately saw what he meant. This wasn't the same creature: this creature's legs were quite strong and healthy. Suddenly her breathing shortened and she felt distinctly *nauseous.*

"Its arms," she gasped, ". . . or perhaps I should say 'arm'?" For *the one arm was merely a stump,* while its 'good' arm was so long the seven stubbly and ill-assorted fingers trailed on the ground.

The Doctor picked up a handful of sand and hurled it in the direction of this second creature, in order to attract its attention. The same thing happened as with the first: round came the head – similarly disfigured – as the creature rushed off with a frightened squeal.

"Mutants 2 Normals 0," remarked the Doctor, calmly.

"And a consistent behaviour pattern," added his assistant. "In fact, a third such creature would suggest the Mutants *are* the 'normals' around here, though it *would need far more to prove* anything statistically."

"Talking of statistics," said the Doctor, "it's a shame K9 couldn't be with us on this trip. That's the trouble with machines – always needing servicing. Mind you, K9's very cheap to run – just new batteries every year or so . . ."

"And he's worth his weight in rilium," agreed Romana. "But this time we're on our own. Do you think those creatures *are* friendly? Oh, look, Doctor, there's a third . . ."

"And over here a fourth . . . let's see if we can catch one. Come on!"

At last the Doctor and Romana came to a halt, weary after all the exertion of the chase. They'd chased not only the third and the fourth, but also the fifth and fifteenth and probably even fiftieth creature, each as weird as another in its own particular mutation, but all able either to run very fast, or else to disappear into some mysterious hole or lose themselves in the rapidly changing terrain.

By now, the desert had given way to a thickly overgrown wilderness of matted weeds and sprawling foliage, and they were struggling to get through. Distant noises gradually grew more distinct and could be identified as grunts of pain, mingling with primitive-sounding battle cries.

The undergrowth began to thin and before long they reached the scene of the action: a large clearing which they peered out on from the protection of a big, leafy bush.

It was as if a number of wrestling bouts were going on simultaneously within the same ring, with no rules, no referee and only one spectator, sitting cross-legged to one side.

"It's funny, isn't it?" whispered Romana. "This is the first time we've seen more than one mutant in the same place – and here they are fighting away as if their lives depended on it, but not killing. Must be some ritualistic form of communication."

The Doctor motioned with his finger.

"I'm more interested in him," he said. "Or her, perhaps."

"The one in the veil?" queried Romana.

"Yes, the spectator. You know, I think it's time we showed ourselves. Let's hope we can get him or her to do the same."

The Doctor leapt dramatically from the bushes, followed a little more timidly by his assistant. The sight of a grinning, unblemished, handsome man, twirling a long scarf, brought all wrestling to a premature halt. As for the addition of a rather beautiful woman in white . . . well, it turned the Xethran mutants into a howling, screaming mass, scurrying away as fast as they could go.

Only the veiled spectator remained unmoved.

"Hello!" shouted the Doctor, peering at the veil. "Anyone at home?"

There was no reply, and nothing could be seen through the thick cloth. Boldly the Doctor lifted the corner of the veil between thumb and finger, and pulled it back. Romana could see no sign of alarm in his face – all she saw was a mischievous smile, and the opening of his lips, as he addressed the spectator.

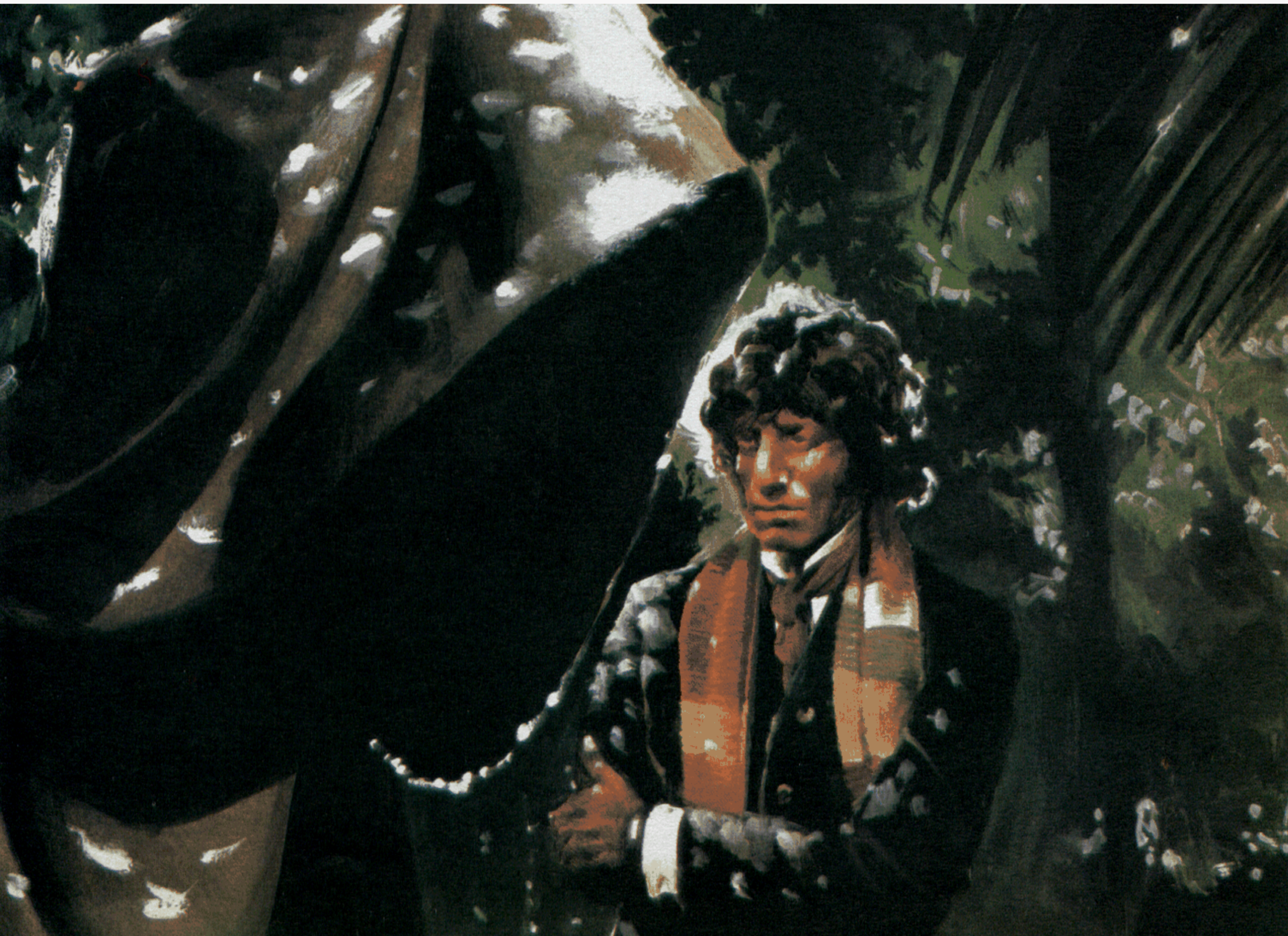
"What . . .?" he began, jovially, but the figure under the veil interrupted him.

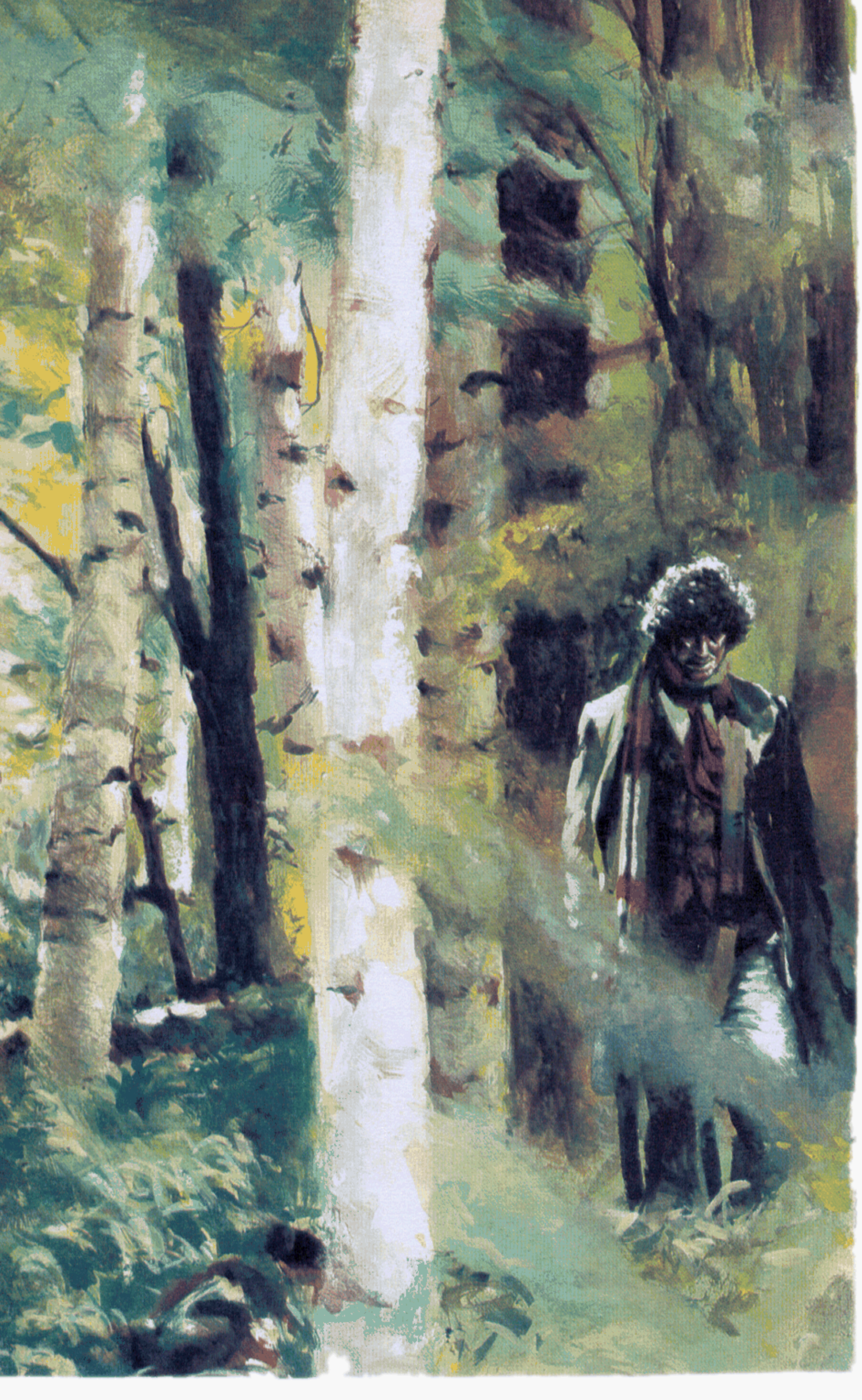
"What . . . you were about to say . . . is a nice girl like me doing in a place like this?"

"Was I?" said the Doctor, taken aback.

"Yes, Doctor. And now you are upset because I have spoilt your quip. But what makes you think I *am* nice?"

"Well . . . you know what I





mean. Even among competition, you would be considered beautiful. In this little haven of horrors, you must be thought stunningly attractive.”

“Your assistant isn’t so sure. Ask her opinion, Doctor.”

The Doctor turned to Romana, with an enquiring look.

“Well then?” he said. “And don’t let jealousy cloud your judgement!”

“I just think you are taking it out of context . . .”

“What Romana means,” interrupted the spectator, “is that she thinks I would be stunning on Earth – wherever that may be – but here perhaps it is different. After all, why do I wear a veil, Doctor? It’s not because I have a jealous husband.”

“So! You can read my thoughts!” conceded the Doctor. “But unfortunately I cannot read yours, so – unless you have more to hide than just your face – perhaps you would be good enough to explain.”

“Fair enough! I am X-Rani, in charge of Xethra, and of misfits and mutants from the planet Ethra. In reality only very few of these creatures are mutants, but those who did not fit in with the Ethran code were banished along with them. And this, Doctor, is how they are treated on arrival . . . take a look at yourself!”

“Doctor!” shrieked Romana. “Your face! And now your whole body is contorting too! Ugh!”

“Actually I’ve spared him the worst,” said X-Rani. “That’s only first degree mutation.”

“Charming!” said the Doctor. “Or perhaps I should say ‘Thanks’? After all, it must be useful having three arms sometimes, once you get used to it. I don’t suppose you could manage an extra brain?”

“No. I only did that mutation to give you an idea of my power. And, of course, the process is reversible.”

“Thank goodness for that!” said Romana, relieved.

“. . . on certain conditions . . .”

“Conditions?” asked the Doctor, warily. “And what might *they* be?”

“Let me explain a little more,” said X-Rani. “I control the Xethrans through my power over their minds, but I also have another weapon – their own fear.”

“Fear of what?”

“They are afraid of what lies under my veil. They cannot stand such beauty, for that is the way people look on Ethra and it reminds them how they have failed. A similar idea is worked on our sister planet.”

“You mean Yethra?” asked Romana. “I didn’t realise that had any life either.”

“No, they are both kept secret. The Yethrans are the weak and disabled, who again are superfluous to the needs of Ethra, running against the notion of the perfect planet. The Controller has never submitted the right data to the authorities, in case they did not agree with her ideas and methods. She told them there were signs of mutant life on

Xethra, but that it was the effect of local radiation. I believe they have been suspicious for some time."

"I wondered what brought us here," whispered the Doctor in Romana's ear. "Now we know!"

"Anyway, recently I too have been suspicious," continued X-Rani. "When I was sent here, I was promised regular supplies and eventual release when the mutants inevitably die out. But there has been nothing, and already I am beginning to run out of bavita, a food essential to Ethran existence."

"That's all very interesting," commented the Doctor, "but what has it to do with us . . . and those conditions?"

"Well, I need your help. You must take me in your Tardis, while Romana stays here and takes my place."

"Me? Stay alone with those mutants? Not likely!"

"You must. They will not come near you if you wear the veil. In any case, they are still under my power, and I have turned them against each other. They do nothing but fight."

The Doctor seemed undecided.

"And if we don't do what you say?"

"Then I will use my power on you both, so that it is quite irreversible. I will send you on the path to a slow death."

"Alright," agreed the Doctor, pulling a pack of cards from his pocket. "You sort out Romana's end, while I amuse myself with a game of three-handed whist. I knew this disfigurement would come in handy!"

The Doctor had just beaten himself hollow when X-Rani called him over. They left the veiled Romana, still slightly uneasy. Once under way, they made quick time through the wooded area, passing two groups of battling Xethrans and a few stragglers, scurrying out of their path.

Inside the Tardis, the Doctor insisted that he was put back to rights before they set off. "I don't want to seem out of place on Ethra, after all."

"You mean you're worried about your appearance?" she replied. "Alright, but remember – one false step . . ."

"And off with his head," mimicked the Doctor, drawing his hand across his throat to illustrate he had got the point. "OK. Destination Ethra. Objective – to obtain bavita. Am I right?"

"Partly. I think we'll also pay a visit to the Controller. I'd like to know why she's not been over."

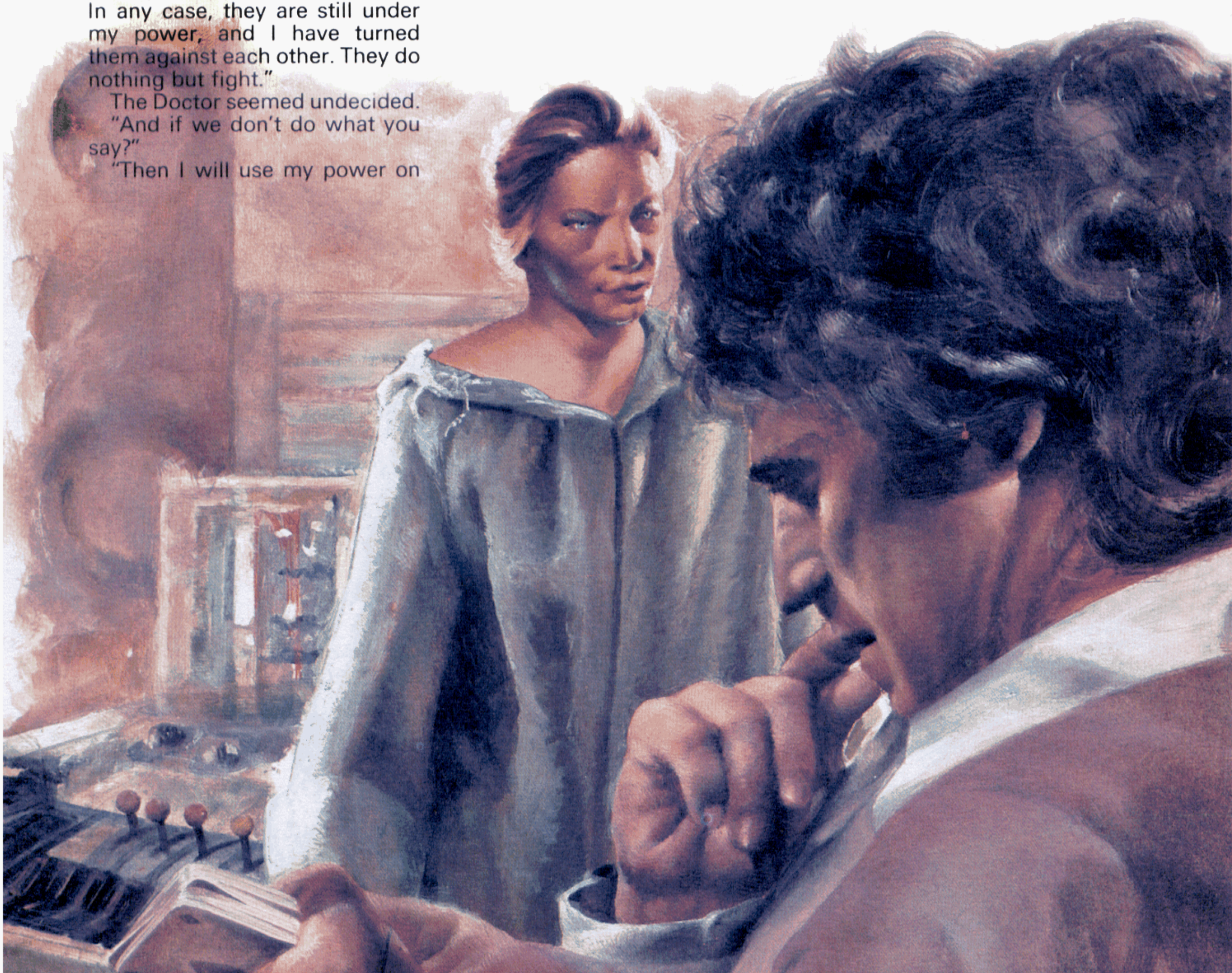
"Are you sure that's wise?" asked the Doctor. "Wouldn't it be safer just to get the bavita and leave?"

"Say what you mean, Doctor!"

The Doctor looked in the eyes. "You know," he said, "I think *your* mind would make pretty interesting reading right now. You're hatching a little plot in there!"

He turned to the control panel, and set course for Ethra. Then he turned back to X-Rani.

"Let me know the publication date, won't you?"



They reached Ethra in a flash, and were out of the Tardis in another. It was a luxurious-looking place, with fully-formed and lush vegetation, and it exuded perfection.

The surface was covered with a layer like grass, about six inches high and perfectly cut.

"This is bavita," said the Doctor's companion. "Just pull some and it'll come away. We'll pick it now and store it in the Tardis. It's not an unusual thing to do, so don't worry if anyone comes."

Sure enough, when a group of about a dozen Ethrans came strolling leisurely by, they didn't even bat an eyelid. The women all seemed refined and very beautiful, and were dressed all in white. The men in the party were flamboyantly dressed, and their only other common feature was their good looks.

"Mmm, we should blend nicely into the background as a very normal couple," thought the Doctor, putting in the final load of bavita and closing the Tardis door.

And so they did, as they walked through fields, past houses and into a small town. The Doctor was continually reminded of Earth, except for the air of peacefulness and all-pervading perfection. No one stopped to say hello, or to ask them the way to the video rooms or the nearest skyplane terminal. Doubtless they all knew.

Soon they came to a large white building that looked like a giant igloo. It was surrounded by a ring of Ethrans, presumably on guard. None of them seemed armed.

"I know what you're thinking, Doctor," said X-Rani, quietly. "But they are. Armed, I mean. They have micro-lasers hidden in the palms of their hands."

"I guessed it wouldn't be that easy . . ."

"That's the trouble. I could use my power on the Controller, but I need to be closer, and for that I have to penetrate the guards. Even then she has her own Mind Control . . ."

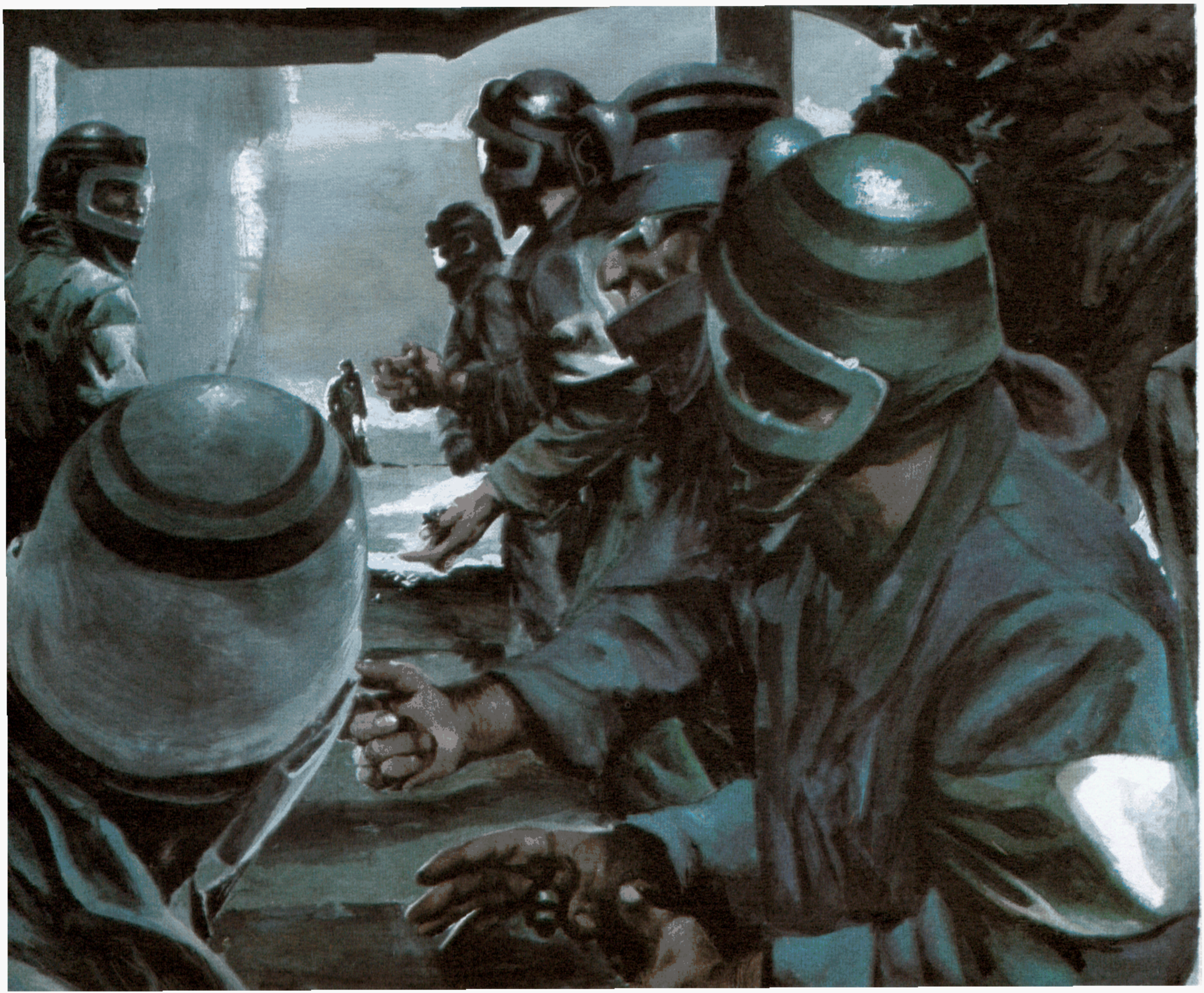
"I have it!" said the Doctor, urgently. "Use the power on me!"

"On you? What good is that?"

"You'll see. Make me as horrific as you can. Then be ready for your duel with the Controller."

X-Rani had no need to ask anything further – she had already read the Doctor's mind and made her decision on the plan. The Doctor was beginning to look as gruesome as before, and he was worsening rapidly.

Soon his body was unrecognisable as anything but a lump of flesh with one bright eye glaring out from its centre among a



weird and wonderful collection of spare ribs and limbs. His clothes hung on him as if on a scarecrow, and his scarf fell to the ground.

"No, bring me back a little!" urged the Doctor. "Just far enough to resemble a mutated Ethran form."

The lump pulled out into more bodily proportions, and in doing so became more horrifying still, with mangling mutations vying for the Ethrans' attentions. For the guards, who were unfamiliar with even the slightest blemish, it was like a burnt-out body from a fire, making your stomach turn over and your whole system want to reject the evidence of your eyes.

As the Doctor approached them, they didn't take a second look. They each turned a ghostly shade of pale, and either screamed and screamed, or fainted, or fled.

"Right! Change me back! Now!" cried the shape that was the Doctor.

With this done, X-Rani rushed past the guards and into the building. The screaming had disturbed the Controller, so that the element of surprise was lost, and the battle was evenly balanced, mind against mind, Mind Control against Mind Control.

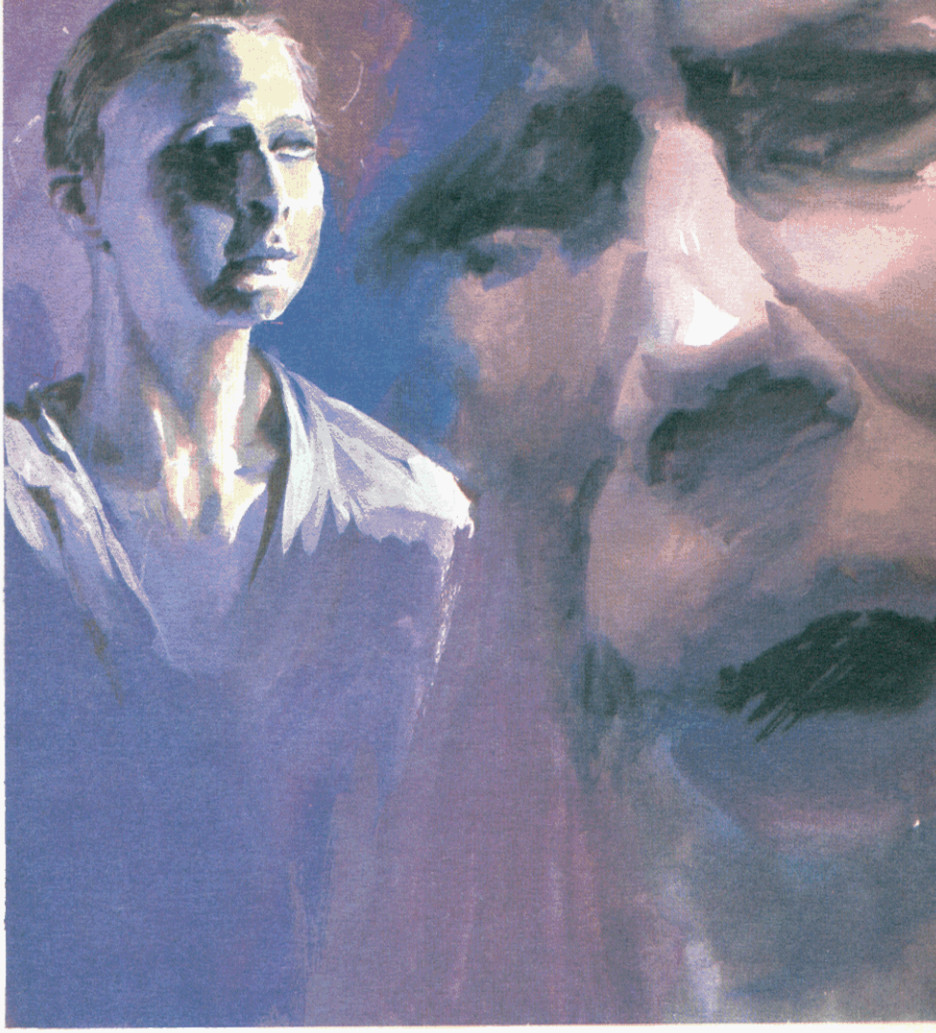
And it was an important battle, for the future of Ethra and her two moon planets were at stake, with possible repercussions throughout the galaxy.

Each of the combatants was effectively reducing the other's movements, but as the struggle was one of minds rather than bodies, this did not effect the ferocity with which they fought.

Then the Controller began to concentrate on her adversary's throat, attempting to cut off the air supply to her lungs.

But X-Rani read her move, and countered with the same process of simulated strangulation. There was little in it, when in rushed the Doctor. He took it all in in a single glance, and decided this was definitely a time for intervention.

He checked the micro-laser in his sweating palm. It was set to stun. Taking careful aim, he fired one long blast towards the battling pair, and then smiled with satisfaction at the result.



X-Rani lay motionless on the floor.

"I know you might have won," said the Doctor, helping the Controller to her feet, "but it seemed about neck-and-neck, if you'll excuse the pun, and I didn't want to leave it to fate."

"No, I appreciate your help," replied the Controller. "But why her and not me? Do you also read minds?"

"No – call it a mixture of instinct and good luck. With a little help from one of those guards muttering away to himself: she mustn't escape, she mustn't escape. Made me realise they were stopping you getting out, not anybody else getting in."

"That's right," said the Controller, now fully returned to her attractive self. "I was overthrown some time ago, by X-Rani and her men, and it was she who banished the ones who didn't live up to her ideas and ideals. She took herself off to Xethra when she heard of your proposed visit, and her clever scheme, if it had worked, would have satisfied your investigation."

"So what do we do with her now?" enquired the Doctor.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of her," replied the Controller. "She will have lost her powers anyway, in the beam from the laser."

"And the Xethrans?"

"Oh, the programming and imposed mutations will have disappeared also. Your assistant is already making friends with one of them."

"Is she now? I'd better go and collect her," said the Doctor. "By the way, do you know what I could do with a Tardis full of freshly-picked bavita?"

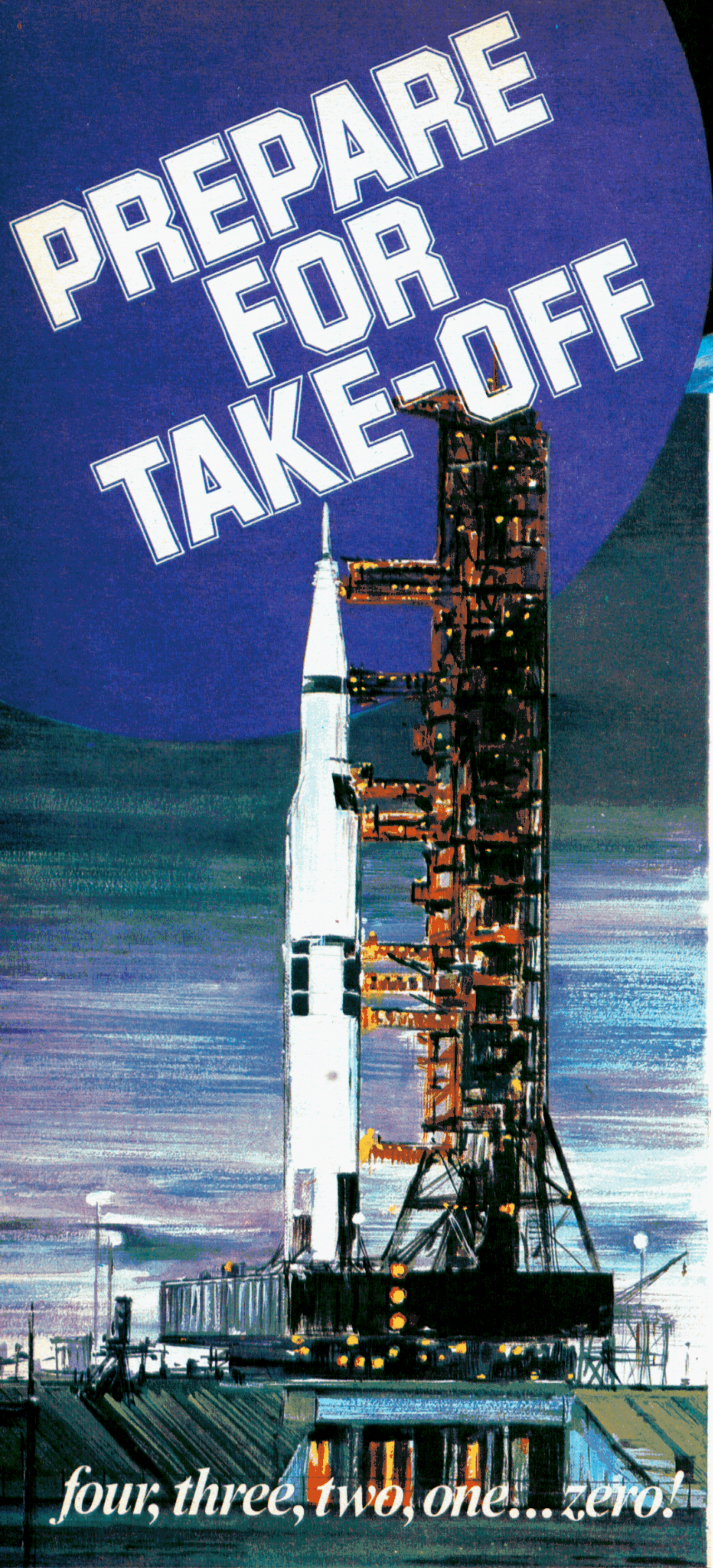
"Bavita?!"

"Yes – the essential food. A bit like grass."

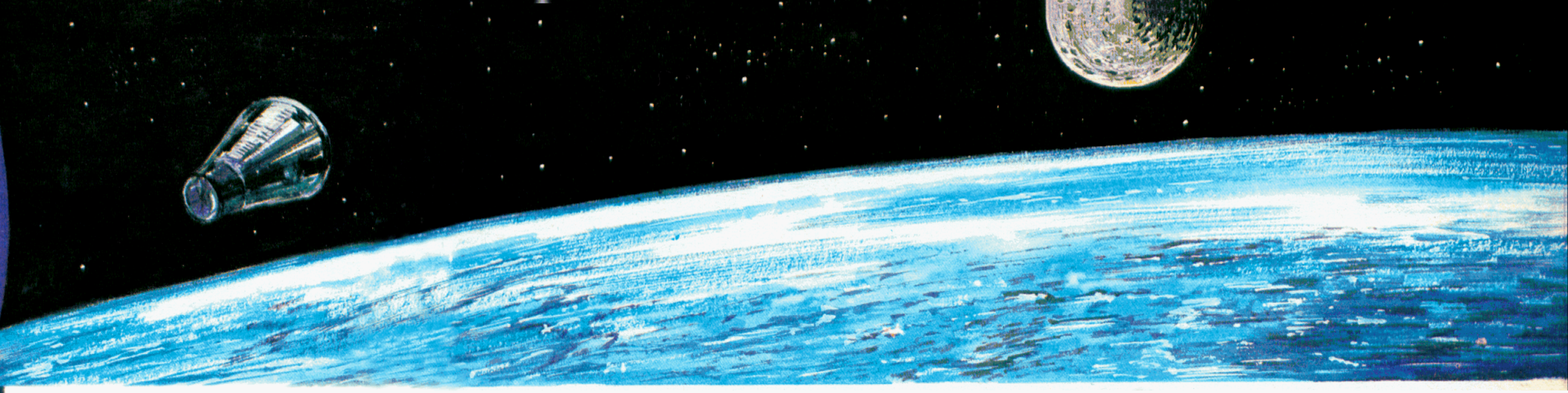
"That's no *essential* food. X-Rani made all that up. Mind you, it does make rather an interesting sort of tea. Fancy a drink, Doctor?"

Smiling at the happy thought, the Doctor decided that Romana was quite able to take care of herself, and went out to fetch some bavita.

PREPARE FOR TAKE-OFF



four, three, two, one... zero!



What springs to mind when you hear that phrase 'prepare for take-off'? Most people think of the countdown, but in actual fact the preparation for take-off goes back much further than that, actually months or even years beforehand.

Apart from the actual building of the rocket ship and inventing the best kind of fuel there are a hundred and one things to consider, the most important of which must surely be testing the astronauts and training them. It certainly isn't enough for them to be fit and healthy, though of course these two things are very important.

Getting your spacesuit on is a task in itself and the astronauts have to practise time and time again to get everything exactly right. Underneath his suit each astronaut is attached to his own individual set of bio-sensors, which monitors his heart and breathing rate and relays the information back to earth. Temperatures, too, play an important part; astronauts have to take their own regularly and that of their suits.

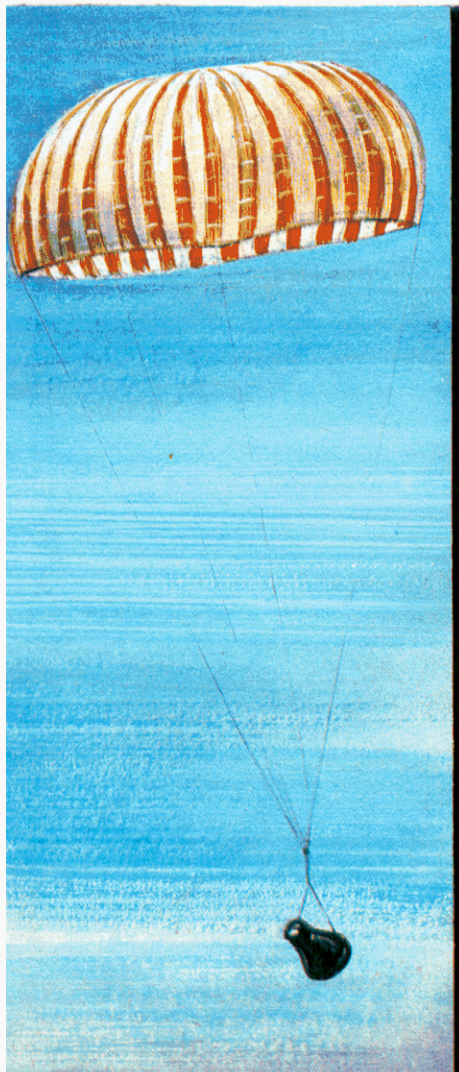
Eating in space is something of a problem, too, although scientists have been able to introduce individual bite-sized morsels and bags of dehydrated food which are reconstituted with water when necessary. Still, you have to keep a tight hold on to these bags or you're likely to see your potato salad floating down to the other end of the Command Module.

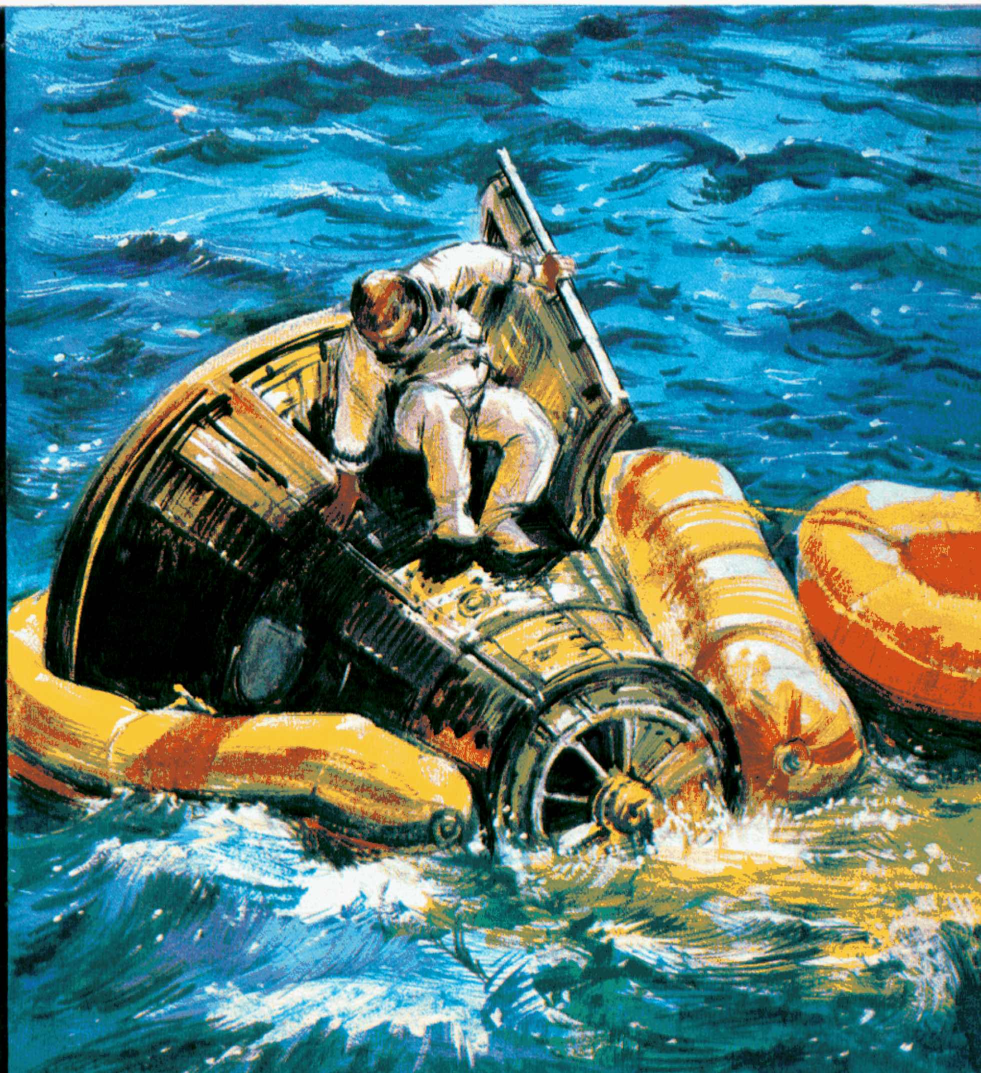
Practice for when you arrive back on earth is a long and arduous task, too. Astronauts spend day after day in giant water tanks, practising getting in and out of the floating and bobbing Command Module and into rafts from where they're picked up by helicopter – and it isn't easy with a bulky space suit on!

The spacecraft controls become more and more complex with each successive spaceflight, and with each one the astronauts have to know the controls inside and out. New systems are introduced, propulsion rockets for manoeuvring in space, radar and inertial guidance systems for docking manoeuvres, fuel cells to replace batteries and ejection seats!

For the men who were actually going to walk on the moon, there was even more work to do. The last Apollo crew spent weeks practising picking up moon rock samples with the special equipment that you probably saw on the television. And they had to have different suits too. The moon walking suits had an extra layer to protect against temperature changes and bombardment by micro-meteors, and their helmets had two external visors attached. But the helmet and gloves of the suit could be removed during flight.

And so, with all the tests for weightlessness, walking in space and on the moon complete, it's time for countdown and of course, 'prepare for take-off'!





Romana and the Doctor have landed on the planet Skarium, to investigate reports of a strange new warfare technique being practised by the Skarians. They have apparently been subjecting the inhabitants of peaceful planets to terrible mental torment by posing them mathematical puzzles which defy understanding.

As soon as he arrives the Doctor falls foul of Skaros, the leader of the Skarians, who attempts to break down the Doctor's confidence by proving to him that 1 equals 2. This is how he does it . . . .

A TRICKY PROBLEM FOR THE DOCTOR

"Let us assume that $x = y$.
Therefore $x - y = 0$.
And $2x - 2y = 0$.
Thus $x - y = 2x - 2y$.

Another way of writing $2x - 2y$ is $2(x - y)$.
And another way of writing $x - y$ is $1(x - y)$.
Therefore $1(x - y) = 2(x - y)$.
Now let us divide each side of the equation by $(x - y)$.

ANSWER: $1 = 2$."

The Doctor smiled. It would take more than a simple trick like that to break down *his* super reasoning powers. But would *you* have been fooled?

Well, the trick was contained in the first part of the puzzle. Any number multiplied by nought must equal nought, and so by proving that $x - y = 2x - 2y$, Skaros had really only shown that $0 = 0$. The final division, therefore, is one by 0, a calculation which is not possible within the laws of mathematics.

LIGHT FANTASTIC

The Tardis reappeared as if from nowhere. The door opened, and there stood the Doctor, smiling.

"There, what did I say?" he chuckled. "There and back, in no time at all!"

"2.346 seconds, by my reckoning," corrected Romana. "It must be old age. Time machines sometimes do slow down as they get old, and lose an occasional second or two . . ."

"There there, old girl!" said the Doctor, giving the Tardis a consoling pat. "Take no notice of her – she's just jealous at being left behind. Aren't you?"

Romana didn't reply.

The Doctor seemed irritated at the lack of response.

"Well – aren't you going to ask me what happened?" he said.

"Oh yes! What happened? What did they say?"

"It's a special assignment," replied the Doctor. "I'm not sure I should tell you. What do you think, K9?"

"Important Mistress knows enough to take correct action. Best she knows all."

"Thank you, K9!" said Romana, with a little grin.

"Gratitude not necessary," replied K9, "only truth."

"Come along," said the Doctor. "I'll explain on the way."

The Doctor checked the coordinates he'd been given, and set the controls.

"I wonder where that'll take us," he mused.

"Planet UX80," offered K9. "Uninhabited for last three hundred and eleven years. Unfit for human life, due to extremes of radiation. Previously thriving planet. Was known as . . ."

"Culturus?" asked Romana, interrupting K9's flow.

"Affirmative, Mistress."

"Well, of course, I knew that," said the Doctor. "And I believe there have been mysterious goings-on in that area. Communications on the blink, and disappearances."

"Disappearances?" said Romana. "What kind?"

"Oh, nothing much to begin with. But it gradually built up until . . . you won't believe this, but a time-lord vanished, just like that, into thin air. Neither sight nor sound since."

"And we're to investigate? On a planet unfit for human life?"

"Yes," said the Doctor. "Exciting, isn't it?"

He pressed the switch that took them into the vortex, spinning through time and space.

Romana had the distinct impression that they were spinning that much faster than usual, but put it down to the Subjective Factor, or one of the time-motion illusion tricks often played by the imagination.

As the noise died down, the Doctor flicked another switch. All eyes were on the video screen, waiting for some idea of their new surroundings.

To their astonishment, the

screen didn't light up. Instead it darkened into a mass of black, as if the opening to a dark, gaping cavern.

"Perhaps there's a fault in the screening mechanism," suggested Romana.

"Doesn't look like it to me," replied the Doctor.

"A fractional Destination Error, then?"

The Doctor laughed. "Very unlikely!" he said. "No, either we've been sucked into a Black Hole and this is merely a rest stop on the way to oblivion, or else we were expected and someone has decided to keep us in the dark. I'm not too keen on imminent pulverisation, so I'm all for the second possibility myself."

"But who could have turned the light off, so to speak?" asked Romana. "UX80 is supposedly uninhabited, remember."

The Doctor turned to his other assistant.

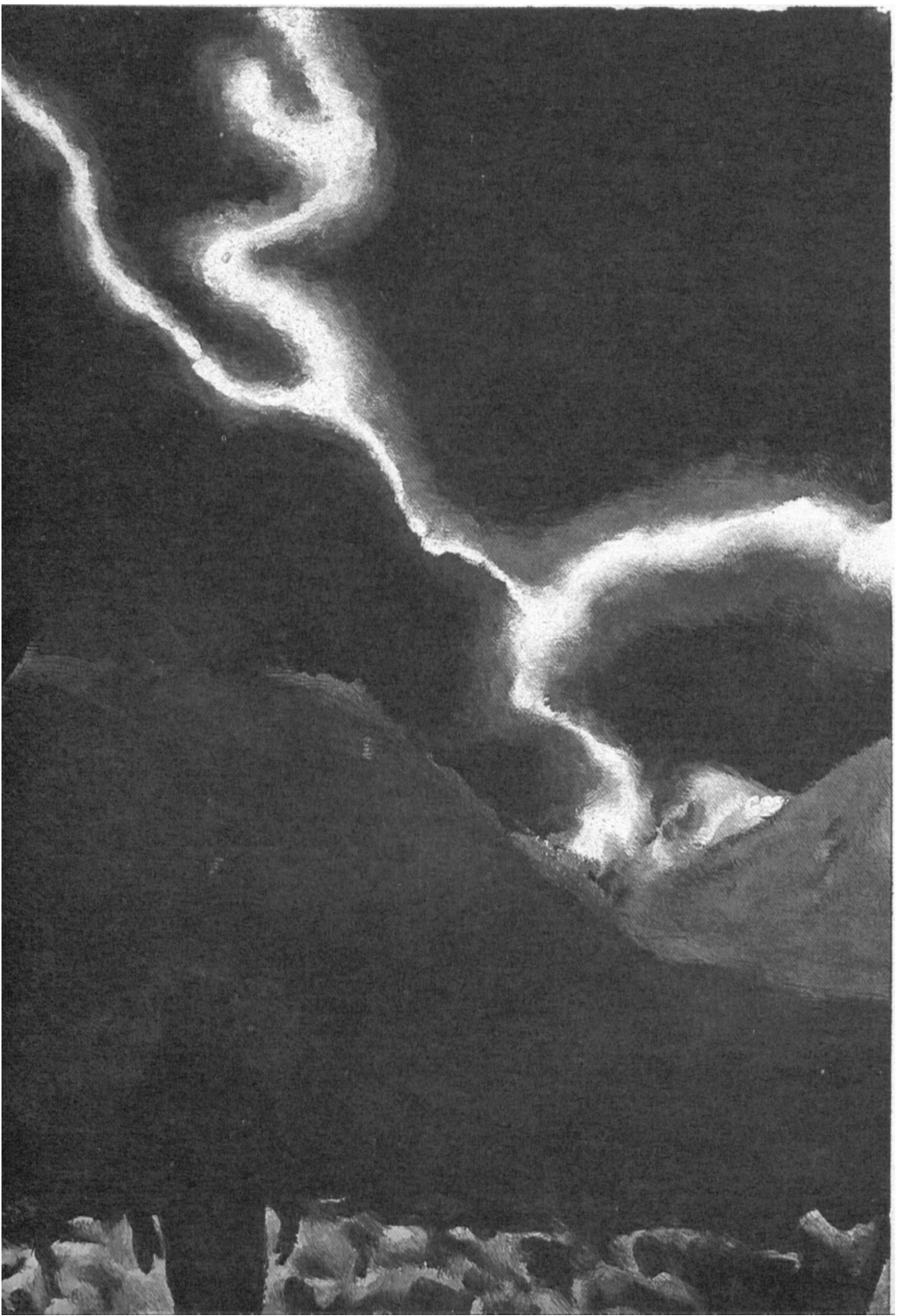
"Perhaps *you* can shed some light on it, K9?"

"Negative. Can only assist by adding to knowledge. No Destination Error. Tardis on UX80. Planet dark as screen indicates. Hypothesise wavelength of light has been altered. Suggest extreme caution."

"Any indication of life on the planet?" asked Romana.

"Negative, Mistress."

"Ah, but look here!" exclaimed the Doctor, who had been scanning the screen again. "See! Patches of fluorescent green!"



Romana looked at the Doctor, knowingly. "The action of ultraviolet light on a fluorite type mineral. Correct, K9?"

"Correct. UX80 composed 0.03% fluorites."

"This might explain the extremes of radiation," said the Doctor. "We'll need the protective clothing for UV light, and other waveforms. You fetch that, Romana, and I'll get the Wave Translator."

The radiation suits were lightweight and comfortable, being fully air-conditioned. And although the material reflected the various undesirable rays, it did not affect sound waves, so they could hear quite clearly; not that there was much to hear, except their own voices and breathing.

Having set the Translator to the UV sector before opening the Tardis door, the Doctor was now twiddling the fine tuner, attempting to hone in on the correct wavelength.

He straightened suddenly, and turned to Romana.

"Got it," he said. "Have a look at this!"

Romana peered into the small viewing screen, moving the instrument around as she did so, in order to cover a larger area.

"It looks like another time machine, doesn't it?" remarked the Doctor. "Probably the lost time-lord's . . ."

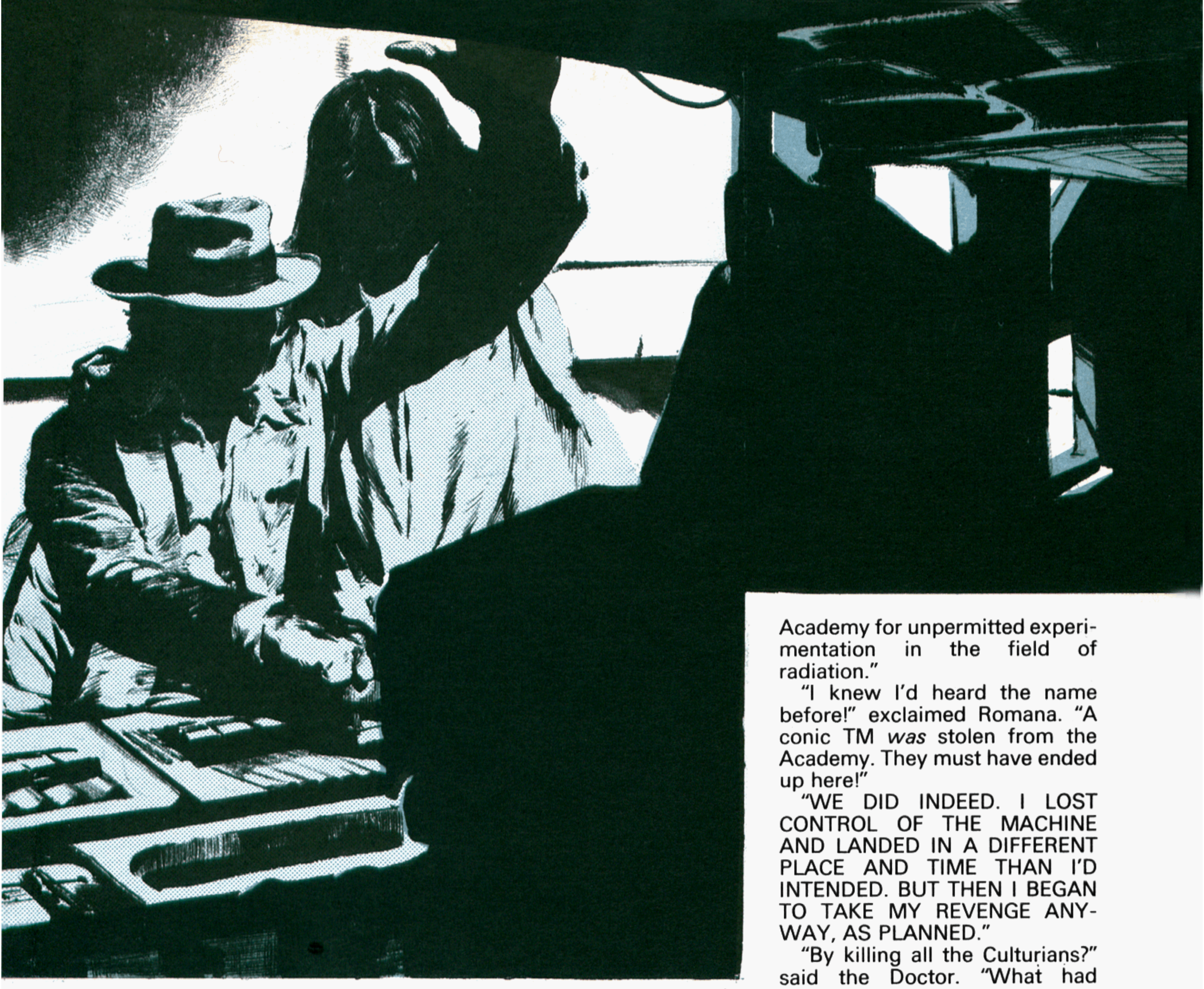
"Something about it looks familiar," said Romana. "If only I could remember why. It's from the Conic Period, say sixty or seventy years old, wouldn't you say?"

"What?" said the Doctor, pretending he'd not really been listening. "Oh yes, about that . . . although it's funny, I don't remember the report saying he was a recent graduate from the Academy. Let's have another look."

Romana handed the Translator to the Doctor.

"It's gone!" he said. "Must be another alteration in the wavelength. Let's try and track it down."

He began to adjust the controls. But hardly had he begun when the darkness on the screen changed to an almost blinding white light.



He looked up to escape the dazzling rays, but they were everywhere, lighting up the surrounding sky in rapid alternation of the colours of the rainbow, from violet up to red.

Then it was gone. They were in darkness again.

"Someone's treating us to a fine display," remarked the Doctor, rubbing his eyes and at the same time trying to accustom himself to the dark. "Are you alright?"

"Fine," replied Romana. "I presume you agree that puts us in the infra-red, possibly heading for radio waves."

"THAT IS CORRECT," intoned a deep voice. "THIS IS RADIO UX80, ON 80 KILOHERTZ, VHF. WELCOME TO THIS PLANET."

The Doctor had been tuning the Translator. He looked at the fluorescent dial. 80 Kilohertz! And the voice! There must be life on UX80 after all!

"K9," he whispered.

"Yes, Master?"

"Is there life on this planet?"

"Affirmative, Master."

The Doctor was puzzled. "But before you said . . ."

"No real contradiction. Energy changed from non-living to living state. Change of 0.0000038%."

"Just enough for one body," commented Romana.

"CORRECT AGAIN. I AM RADIK, SOLE OCCUPANT OF UX80. I HAVE POWER TO CHANGE STATE, AND POWER OVER ALL RADIATION."

"Data, K9?" said the Doctor, still whispering.

"Radik – unheard of for sixty-five years before this time. Presumed lost in time when stolen red cone time machine failed to remat. Thrown out of Academy for unpermitted experimentation in the field of radiation."

"I knew I'd heard the name before!" exclaimed Romana. "A conic TM *was* stolen from the Academy. They must have ended up here!"

"WE DID INDEED. I LOST CONTROL OF THE MACHINE AND LANDED IN A DIFFERENT PLACE AND TIME THAN I'D INTENDED. BUT THEN I BEGAN TO TAKE MY REVENGE ANYWAY, AS PLANNED."

"By killing all the Culturians?" said the Doctor. "What had *they* done to you?"

"NOTHING. BUT IT WAS A NECESSARY STEP, IF I WAS TO MAKE THE PLANET DISAPPEAR UNNOTICED, AND ALSO THE TIME-LORDS. YOU ARE ONLY THE SECOND, DOCTOR. AND YOUR ASSISTANT THE THIRD – ONE OF THE NEWEST GRADUATES, TOO. I WOULD HAVE BEEN A TIMELORD BY NOW . . ."

"But you aren't. You failed!" said Romana. "And the fact that it has affected you so, means the decision was right."

"WE WILL SEE."

There was a long silence, and then a muffled cry.

"Romana?" said the Doctor.

There was another, even more muffled cry.

"Master," said K9.

"Yes?"

"Wavelength now in infra-red. 8192 Angstroms."

"8 . . . 1 . . . 9 . . . . 2," repeated the Doctor, frantically readjusting the controls yet again.

At first he saw nothing unusual. Then, as he scanned, he saw Romana, engulfed in a mass of orange slime, shifting in shape from almost human to grotesque, ape-like form, and finally into a shapeless mess.

The Doctor rushed over in the direction of the scan, and fumbled around blindly until he felt the slime against his hand, half-liquid, half-gelatinous, and yet somehow tacky. Already it had clung to his one hand, cementing together the fingers and beginning to draw him in.

With his other hand, he felt around for a convenient support. Finding something solid, he anchored firmly and tried to pull the slime away from Romana's body, which had already gone limp.

But the adhesive power was too strong and, gritting his teeth, the Doctor summoned every possible ounce of energy for a more determined attempt.

He began to focus his mental energies through concentration on his objective.

"Must . . . over . . . power . . . must . . . over . . . power . . ."

As he repeated the intonation, time after time, the ding-dong battle continued. Part of the gelatinous substance had pulled itself out of the mass and forming a tentacle, wrapped itself around the Doctor's legs.

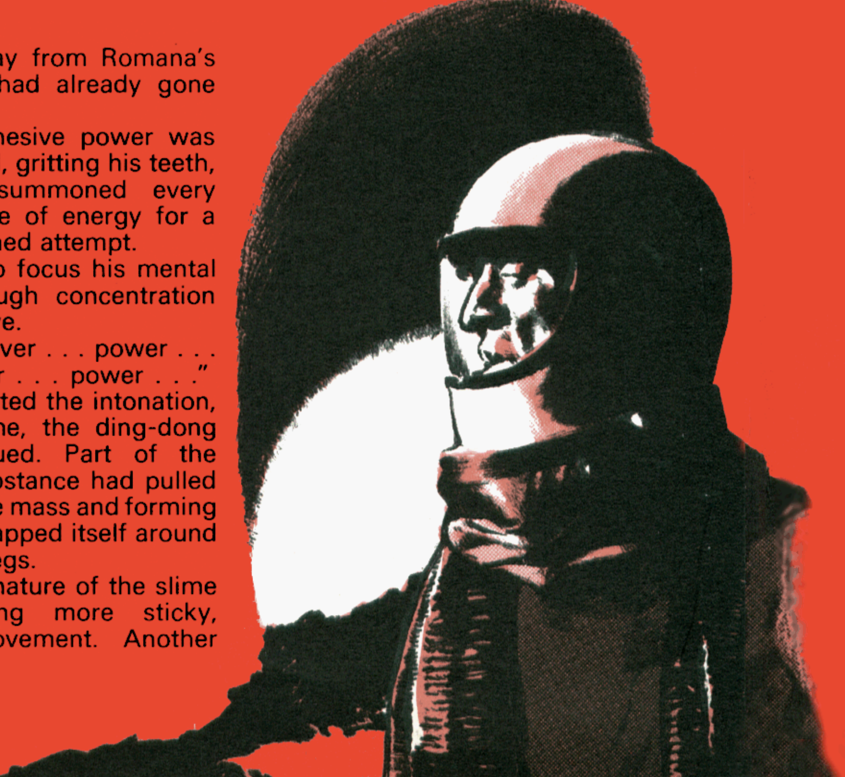
The whole nature of the slime was becoming more sticky, hindering movement. Another tentacle slid out and around the Doctor's arms, while K9 stood by, unable to help.

A third tentacle made for the Doctor's neck. Radik was about to exact his second revenge on the time-lords . . .

As the tentacle inched around his neck, the Doctor no longer struggled; only his facial muscles gave the occasional twitch.

His eyes stared unflinchingly, though almost cross-eyed, as if all his energy was now being channelled through his one inner eye, the seat of concentration. His lips were mouthing repeatedly, but no sound came.

The pressure on the Doctor's neck tightened, and as his eyes became vacant, his body went limp.



"Master," said K9, giving the Doctor another prod.

The Doctor opened his eyes. It was pitch black. He remembered where he was.

"Romana?" he said. "Is she alright?"

"I'm fine," replied his assistant. "Just went out for a while."

"Me too!" said the Doctor. "What happened, K9?"

"Effect of extreme concentration, Master. Radik overpowered, simultaneous with loss of consciousness. Dissolved into small orange puddle, dematerialised and then re-formed. Sound waves, 80 Kilohertz."

"The Translator," said Romana.

"I dropped it in the struggle," groaned the Doctor. "We'll have to search."

They began to scrabble around on hands and knees.

"K9, did you say 80 Kilohertz?" asked Romana, suddenly.

"Affirmative, Mistress."

"That's funny . . ." she began.

"Here it is!" interrupted the Doctor. "Let's hope it still works. There, that must be nearly in tune – perhaps a little further . . ."

"CONGRATULATIONS, DOCTOR. YOUR POWERS OF CONCENTRATION ARE IMPRESSIVE. BUT YOU CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD. YOU WILL NOT BE SO LUCKY AGAIN. NO WAVES ARE IMMUNE FROM MY CONTROL, NOT EVEN YOUR BRAIN WAVES, DOCTOR. YOU WILL SEE."

"Quick, Doctor," whispered Romana. "Pass me the Sonic Screwdriver, and keep him talking . . ."

The Doctor realised there was no time for questions.

"Here," he said, passing over the screwdriver, and turning his attention to Radik.

"Listen, Radik," he began, "you are using *your* powers wrongly, for petty revenge. Where will it get you? Even if you were to conquer the time-lords, it would not give you their knowledge. And only knowledge is true power."

"I HAVE MY MEANS, DOCTOR. AS I SAID, I HAVE CONTROL OVER YOUR BRAIN IF I WISH. WITH MY KNOWLEDGE I HAVE DEVISED METHODS OF EXTRACTING FURTHER KNOWLEDGE. ALREADY I HAVE ACQUIRED THAT OF ONE TIME-LORD. NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW."

All this time Romana had been listening intently, not to the sense but to the direction of sound. She raised the screwdriver and aimed, as if it were a gun.

"*AAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!*" went the voice of Radik.

His horrendous scream was followed by a brilliant display of lights, cascading in a shooting star explosion of colour, over their heads.

As the lights faded, everything reverted to normal light.

The Doctor turned to Romana and K9.

"So nice to see you both again," he said, clearly relieved.

"And it seems quite a pleasant planet after all," remarked Romana. "It should be quite habitable again now, without Radik."

"Yes," said the Doctor. "Clever of you to remember the frequency of the screwdriver was 80 kilohertz, though. And a lucky coincidence too. Eh, K9?"

"Affirmative. Resonance achieved. Radik disintegrated. Reduced to pulsar-like radiation, now identifiable as extra 0.0000038% of local energy in this form."

"Quite harmless!" said the Doctor. "How about us settling down here, Romana – you, me and the dog?"

"Well . . ."

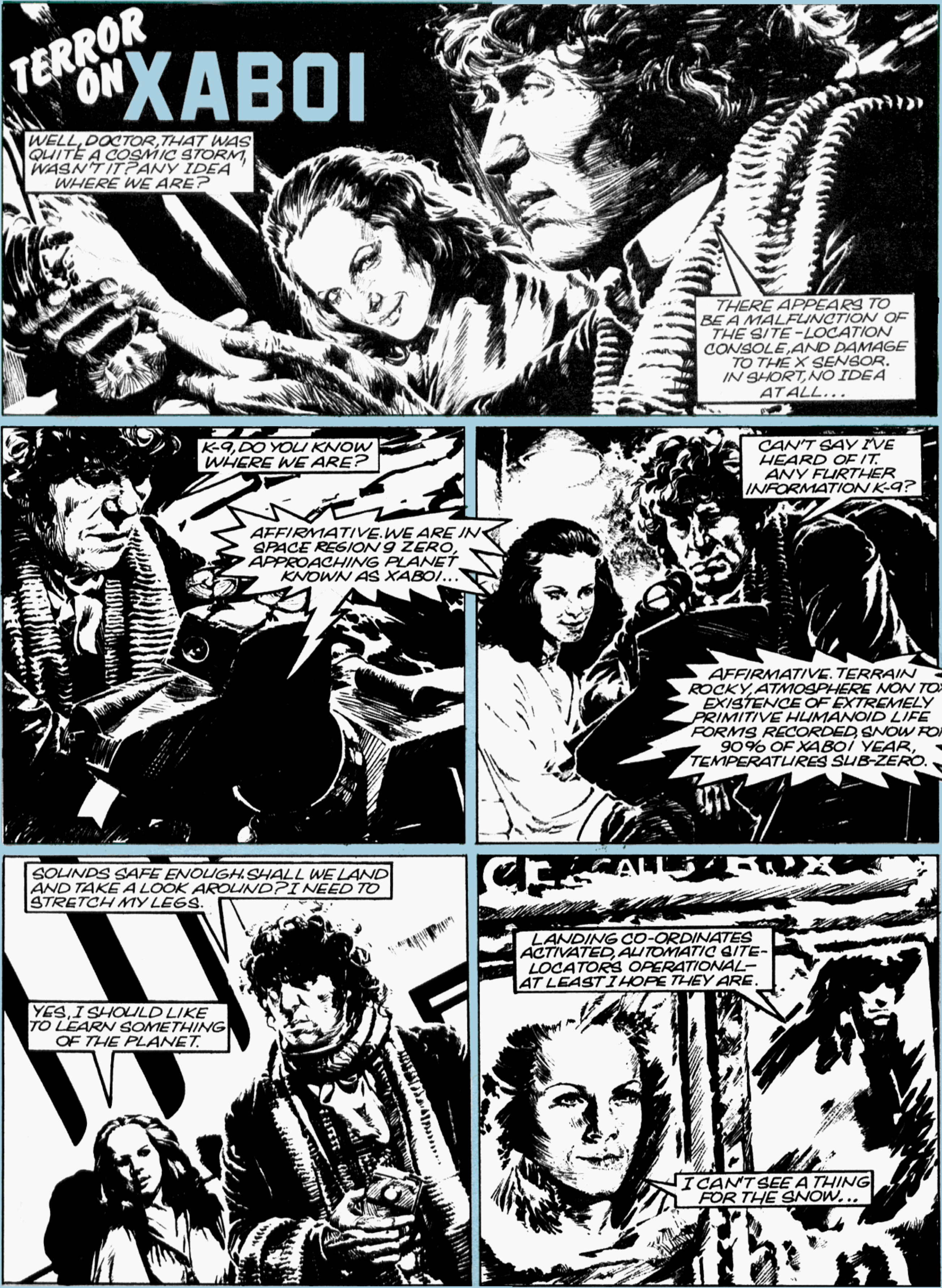
"Impossible. Incompatible with job. Advise against."

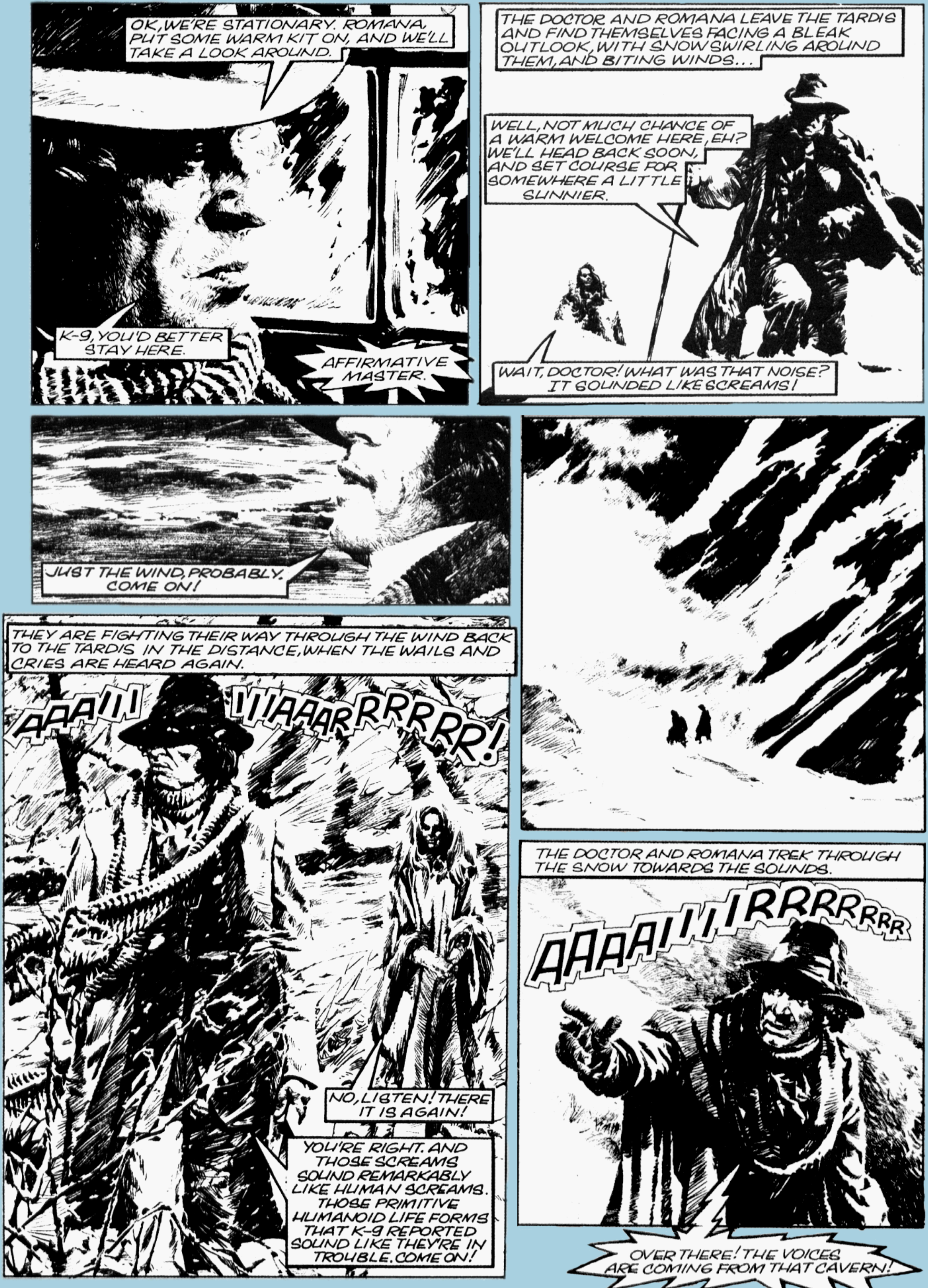
Romana laughed. "He's only joking, K9! But I think we do deserve a little holiday, Doctor. And why not? No one will think of looking for us here, on an uninhabited planet!"

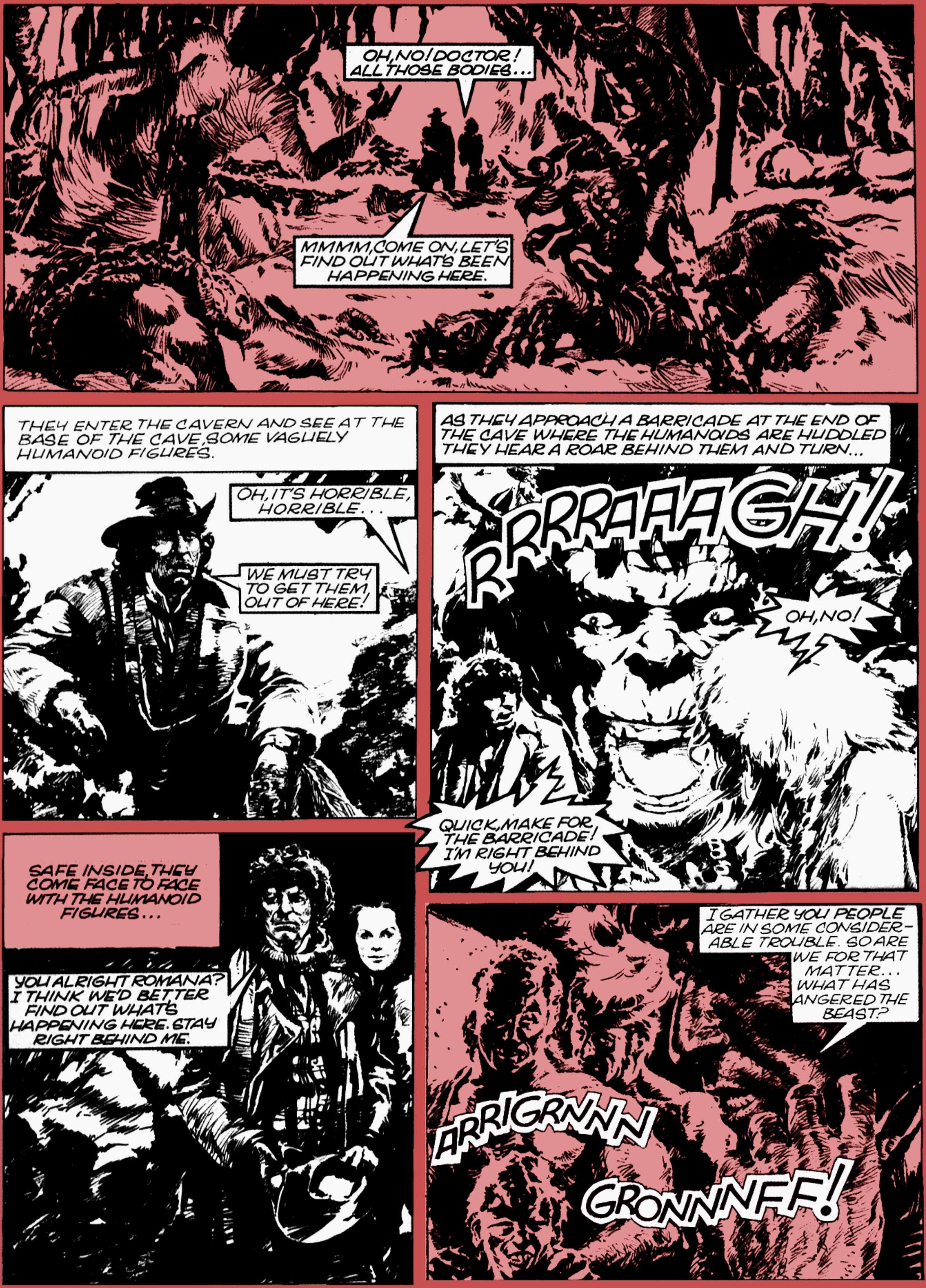
"They'll always know where to find *us*," corrected the Doctor.

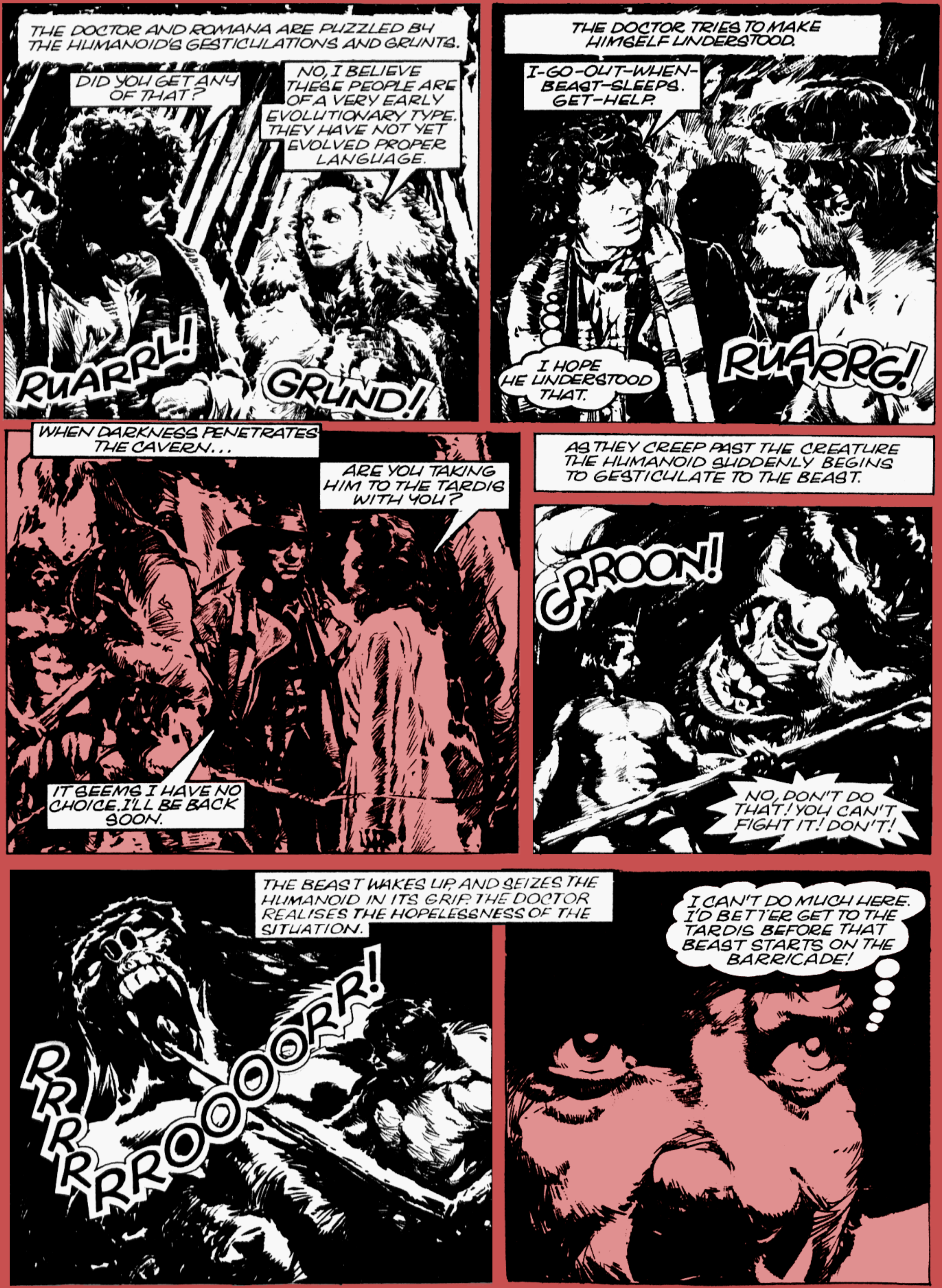
And off he went to examine the red cone time machine, with Romana and K9 close at heel.

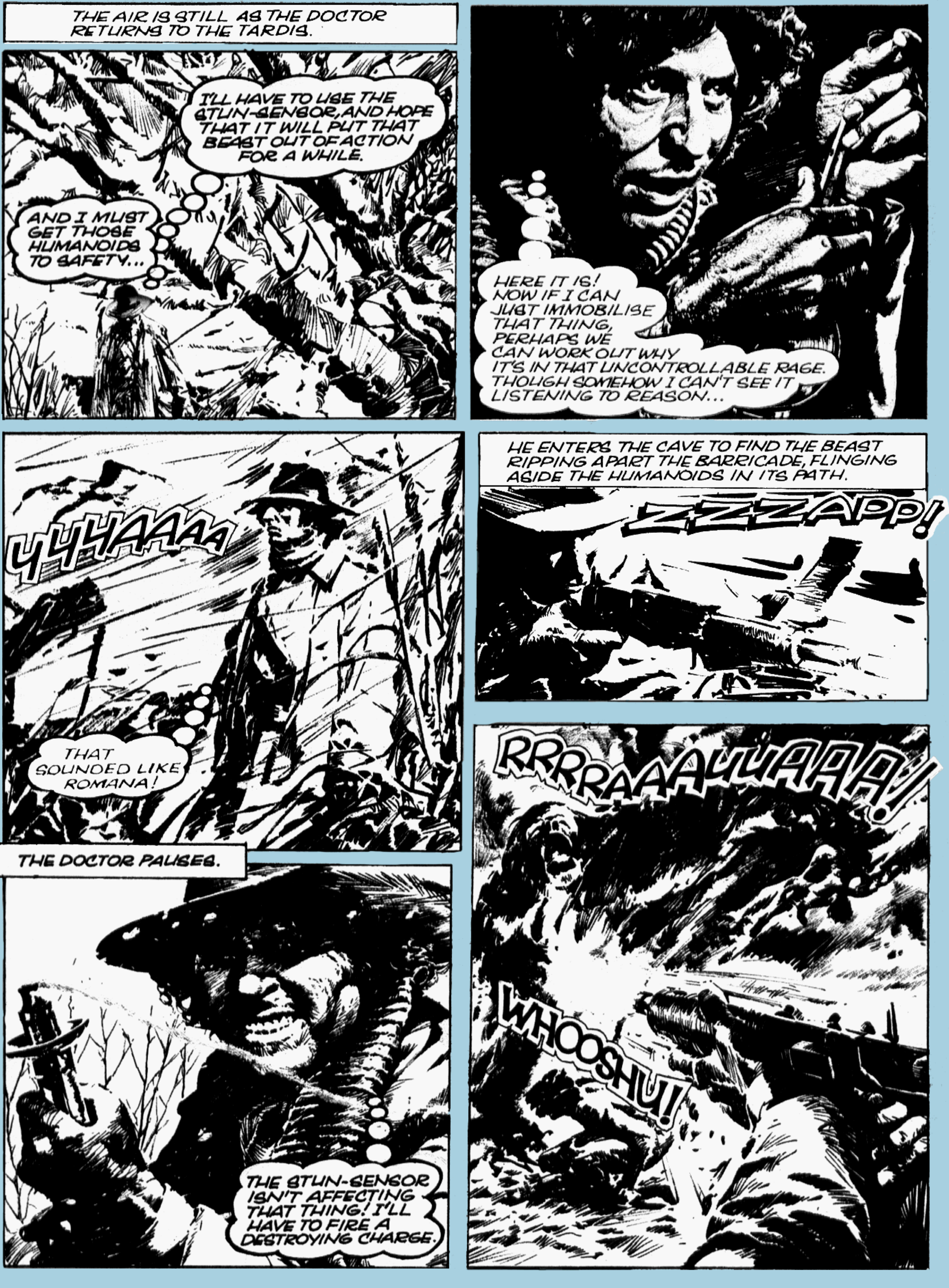
TERROR ON XABOI

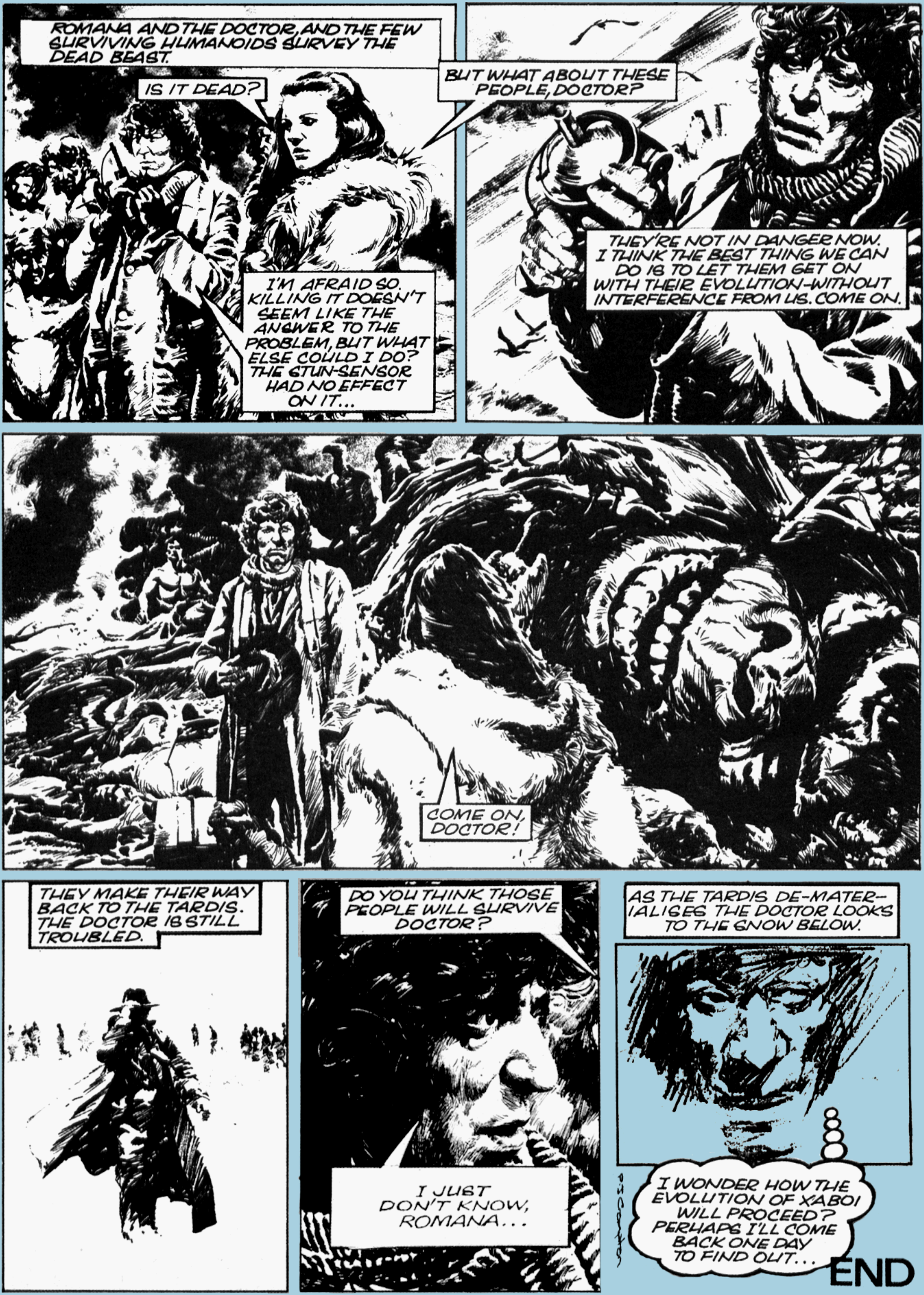

WELL, DOCTOR, THAT WAS QUITE A COSMIC STORM, WASN'T IT? ANY IDEA WHERE WE ARE?
THERE APPEARS TO BE A MALFUNCTION OF THE SITE-LOCATION CONSOLE, AND DAMAGE TO THE X SENSOR. IN SHORT, NO IDEA AT ALL...
K-9, DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE?
AFFIRMATIVE. WE ARE IN SPACE REGION 9 ZERO, APPROACHING PLANET KNOWN AS XABOI...
CAN'T SAY I'VE HEARD OF IT. ANY FURTHER INFORMATION K-9?
AFFIRMATIVE. TERRAIN ROCKY, ATMOSPHERE NON TOXIC, EXISTENCE OF EXTREMELY PRIMITIVE HUMANOID LIFE FORMS RECORDED, SNOW FOR 90% OF XABOI YEAR, TEMPERATURES SUB-ZERO.
SOUNDS SAFE ENOUGH. SHALL WE LAND AND TAKE A LOOK AROUND? I NEED TO STRETCH MY LEGS.
YES, I SHOULD LIKE TO LEARN SOMETHING OF THE PLANET.
LANDING CO-ORDINATES ACTIVATED, AUTOMATIC SITE-LOCATORS OPERATIONAL - AT LEAST I HOPE THEY ARE.
I CAN'T SEE A THING FOR THE SNOW...


OK, WE'RE STATIONARY. ROMANA, PUT SOME WARM KIT ON, AND WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND.
K-9, YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE.
AFFIRMATIVE MASTER.
THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA LEAVE THE TARDIS AND FIND THEMSELVES FACING A BLEAK OUTLOOK, WITH SNOW SWIRLING AROUND THEM, AND BITING WINDS...
WELL, NOT MUCH CHANCE OF A WARM WELCOME HERE, EH? WE'LL HEAD BACK SOON, AND SET COURSE FOR SOMEWHERE A LITTLE SUNNIER.
WAIT, DOCTOR! WHAT WAS THAT NOISE? IT SOUNDED LIKE SCREAMS!
JUST THE WIND, PROBABLY. COME ON!
THEY ARE FIGHTING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE WIND BACK TO THE TARDIS IN THE DISTANCE, WHEN THE WAILS AND CRIES ARE HEARD AGAIN.
AAAIII IIIAAARRRRRRR!
NO, LISTEN! THERE IT IS AGAIN!
YOU'RE RIGHT. AND THOSE SCREAMS SOUND REMARKABLY LIKE HUMAN SCREAMS. THOSE PRIMITIVE HUMANOID LIFE FORMS THAT K-9 REPORTED SOUND LIKE THEY'RE IN TROUBLE. COME ON!
THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA TREK THROUGH THE SNOW TOWARDS THE SOUNDS.
AAAAIIIIRRRRRRRR
OVER THERE! THE VOICES ARE COMING FROM THAT CAVERN!


OH, NO! DOCTOR! ALL THOSE BODIES...
MMMM, COME ON, LET'S FIND OUT WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING HERE.
THEY ENTER THE CAVERN AND SEE AT THE BASE OF THE CAVE, SOME VAGUELY HUMANOID FIGURES.
OH, IT'S HORRIBLE, HORRIBLE...
WE MUST TRY TO GET THEM, OUT OF HERE!
AS THEY APPROACH A BARRICADE AT THE END OF THE CAVE WHERE THE HUMANOIDS ARE HUDDLED THEY HEAR A ROAR BEHIND THEM AND TURN...
RRRRAAAAGH!
OH, NO!
QUICK, MAKE FOR THE BARRICADE! I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
SAFE INSIDE, THEY COME FACE TO FACE WITH THE HUMANOID FIGURES...
YOU ALRIGHT ROMANA? I THINK WE'D BETTER FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE. STAY RIGHT BEHIND ME.
I GATHER YOU PEOPLE ARE IN SOME CONSIDERABLE TROUBLE. SO ARE WE FOR THAT MATTER... WHAT HAS ANGERED THE BEAST?
ARRIGRNNN
GRONNNFF!


THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA ARE PUZZLED BY THE HUMANOID'S GESTICULATIONS AND GRUNTS.
DID YOU GET ANY OF THAT?
NO, I BELIEVE THESE PEOPLE ARE OF A VERY EARLY EVOLUTIONARY TYPE. THEY HAVE NOT YET EVOLVED PROPER LANGUAGE.
RUARRL!
GRUND!
THE DOCTOR TRIES TO MAKE HIMSELF UNDERSTOOD.
I-GO-OUT-WHEN-BEAST-SLEEPS. GET-HELP.
I HOPE HE UNDERSTOOD THAT.
RUARRG!
WHEN DARKNESS PENETRATES THE CAVERN...
ARE YOU TAKING HIM TO THE TARDIS WITH YOU?
IT SEEMS I HAVE NO CHOICE. I'LL BE BACK SOON.
AS THEY CREEP PAST THE CREATURE THE HUMANOID SUDDENLY BEGINS TO GESTICULATE TO THE BEAST.
GRROON!
NO, DON'T DO THAT! YOU CAN'T FIGHT IT! DON'T!
THE BEAST WAKES UP AND SEIZES THE HUMANOID IN ITS GRIP. THE DOCTOR REALISES THE HOPELESSNESS OF THE SITUATION.
RRRRRROOOOORR!
I CAN'T DO MUCH HERE. I'D BETTER GET TO THE TARDIS BEFORE THAT BEAST STARTS ON THE BARRICADE!


THE AIR IS STILL AS THE DOCTOR RETURNS TO THE TARDIS.
I'LL HAVE TO USE THE STUN-SENSOR, AND HOPE THAT IT WILL PUT THAT BEAST OUT OF ACTION FOR A WHILE.
AND I MUST GET THOSE HUMANOIDS TO SAFETY...
HERE IT IS! NOW IF I CAN JUST IMMOBILISE THAT THING, PERHAPS WE CAN WORK OUT WHY IT'S IN THAT UNCONTROLLABLE RAGE. THOUGH SOMEHOW I CAN'T SEE IT LISTENING TO REASON...
YYYAAAAA
THAT SOUNDED LIKE ROMANA!
HE ENTERS THE CAVE TO FIND THE BEAST RIPPING APART THE BARRICADE, FLINGING ASIDE THE HUMANOIDS IN ITS PATH.
ZZZAPP!
THE DOCTOR PAUSES.
THE STUN-SENSOR ISN'T AFFECTING THAT THING! I'LL HAVE TO FIRE A DESTROYING CHARGE.
RRRRAAAUUAAA!
WHOOSHU!


ROMANA AND THE DOCTOR, AND THE FEW SURVIVING HUMANOIDS SURVEY THE DEAD BEAST.
IS IT DEAD?
I'M AFRAID SO. KILLING IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THE ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM, BUT WHAT ELSE COULD I DO? THE STUN-SENSOR HAD NO EFFECT ON IT...
BUT WHAT ABOUT THESE PEOPLE, DOCTOR?
THEY'RE NOT IN DANGER NOW. I THINK THE BEST THING WE CAN DO IS TO LET THEM GET ON WITH THEIR EVOLUTION-WITHOUT INTERFERENCE FROM US. COME ON.
COME ON, DOCTOR!
THEY MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE TARDIS. THE DOCTOR IS STILL TROUBLED.
DO YOU THINK THOSE PEOPLE WILL SURVIVE DOCTOR?
I JUST DON'T KNOW, ROMANA...
AS THE TARDIS DE-MATERIALISES THE DOCTOR LOOKS TO THE SNOW BELOW.
I WONDER HOW THE EVOLUTION OF XABOI WILL PROCEED? PERHAPS I'LL COME BACK ONE DAY TO FIND OUT...
END
P.J. Carter

SPELL OUT A SPACE ALPHABET

Here's a space alphabet. When you've read it, try to answer the questions to see how much you have learnt – or knew already!

A IS FOR ABLATION SHIELD

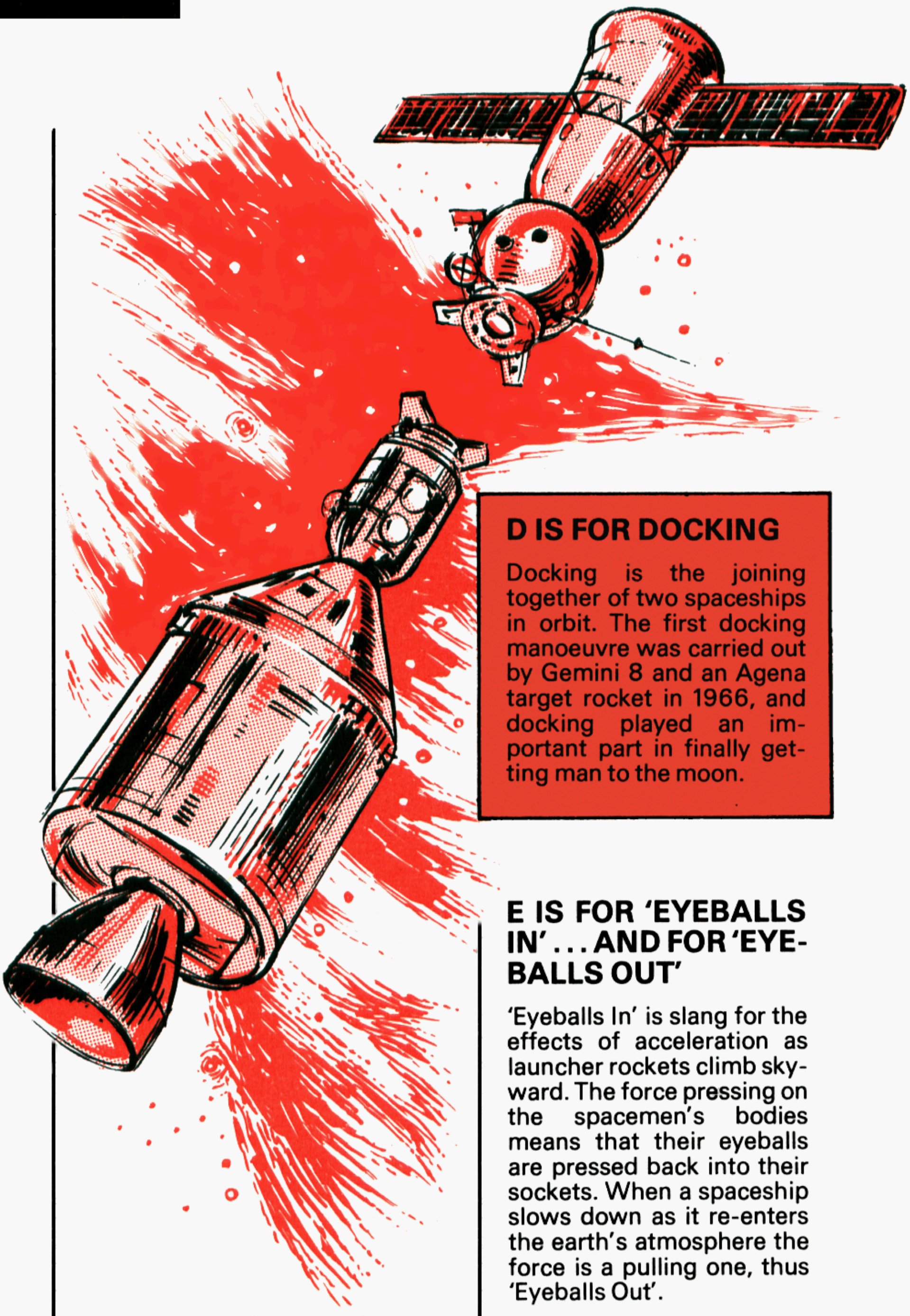
An ablation shield is a heat shield designed to protect a spaceship from friction as it re-enters the atmosphere. It is made in layers which burn away and are swept away in the form of hot gases and flame.

B IS FOR BAIKONUR

Baikonur is a large rocket launch base over 1,000 miles from Moscow, the Soviet Union's equivalent of Cape Canaveral. Most of Russia's moon probes and cosmonauts have been launched from Baikonur, and after their return from space the cosmonauts are flown back there for debriefing and medical checks.

C IS FOR CHICKEN SWITCH

This is a special red handle in the cabin which the commander is authorised to use to activate the escape system when a launch is aborted.



D IS FOR DOCKING

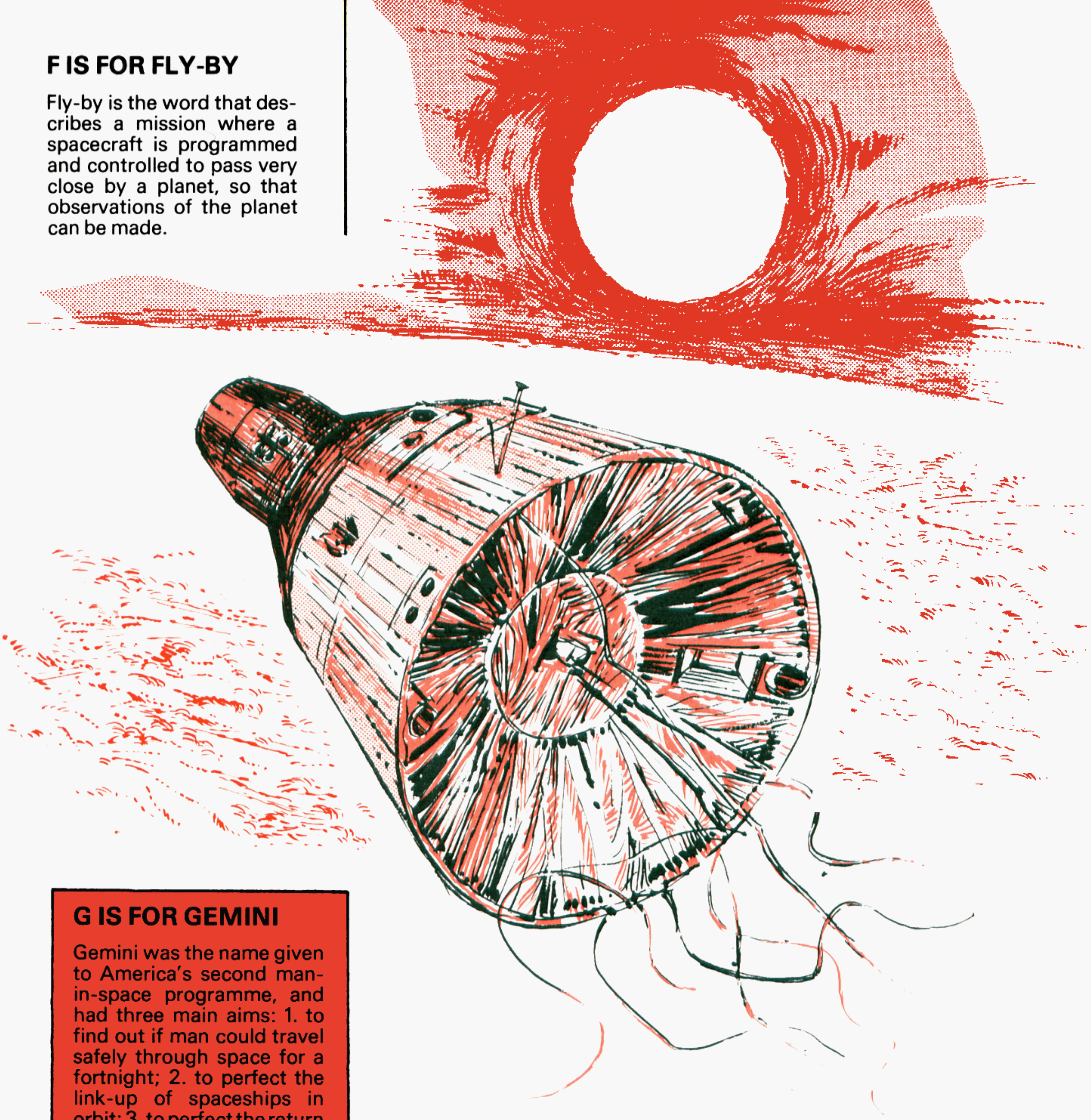
Docking is the joining together of two spaceships in orbit. The first docking manoeuvre was carried out by Gemini 8 and an Agena target rocket in 1966, and docking played an important part in finally getting man to the moon.

E IS FOR 'EYEBALLS IN' . . . AND FOR 'EYEBALLS OUT'

'Eyeballs In' is slang for the effects of acceleration as launcher rockets climb skyward. The force pressing on the spacemen's bodies means that their eyeballs are pressed back into their sockets. When a spaceship slows down as it re-enters the earth's atmosphere the force is a pulling one, thus 'Eyeballs Out'.

F IS FOR FLY-BY

Fly-by is the word that describes a mission where a spacecraft is programmed and controlled to pass very close by a planet, so that observations of the planet can be made.



G IS FOR GEMINI

Gemini was the name given to America's second man-in-space programme, and had three main aims: 1. to find out if man could travel safely through space for a fortnight; 2. to perfect the link-up of spaceships in orbit; 3. to perfect the return of spaceships to precise points on earth. Twelve flights, ten of them manned, were made. Virgil Grissom and John Young completed three orbits of the world in March 1965, and the last Gemini flight took place in November 1966, when Edwin Aldrin and James Lovell broke the existing spacewalk record with three trips outside the spaceship totalling more than five hours.

H IS FOR HADLEY RILLE

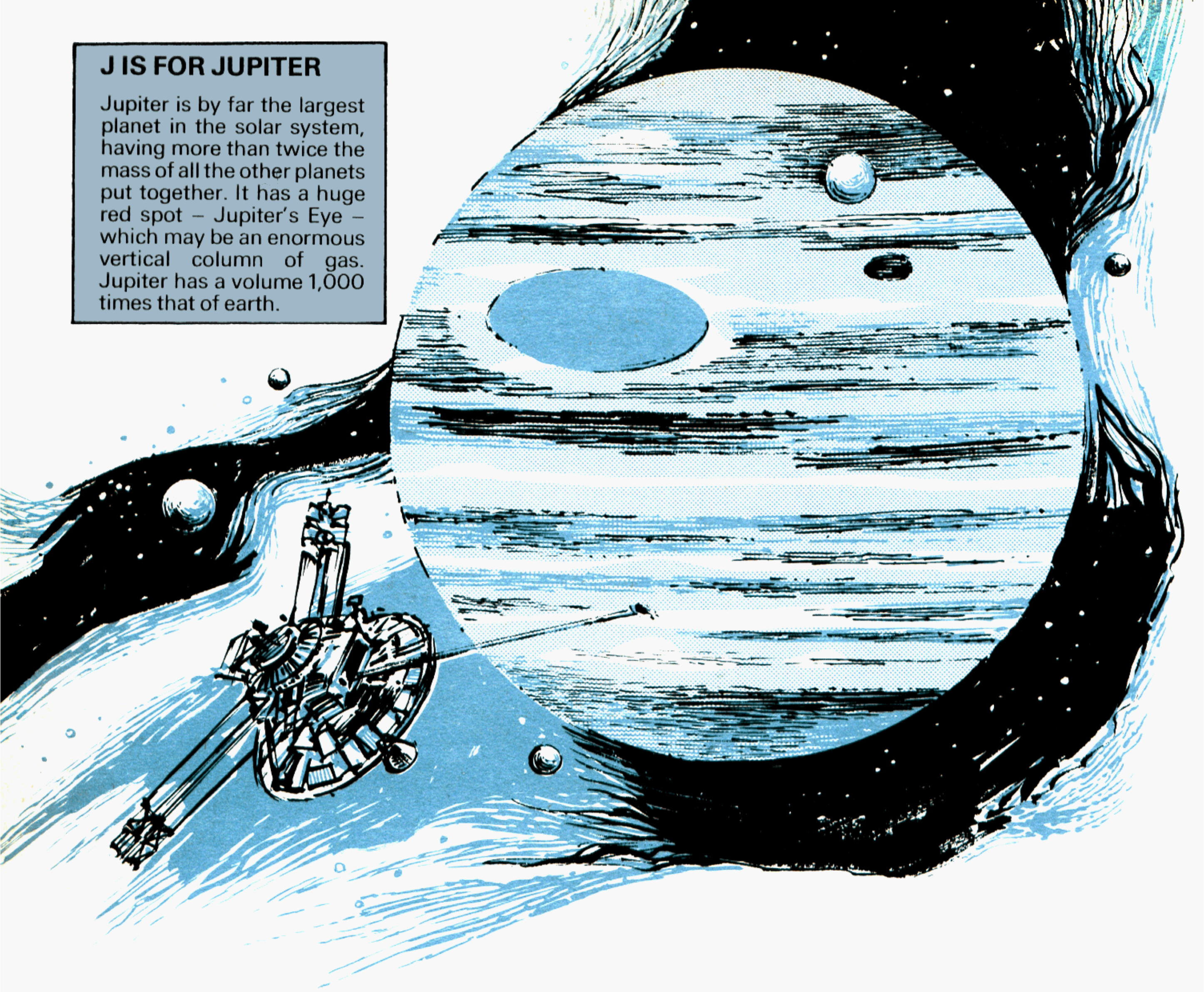
Hadley Rille is the moon canyon visited by the crew of Apollo 15. Jim Irwin and Dave Scott spent some eighteen hours exploring the area of the Hadley Appenines in July 1971. The canyon is nearly a quarter of a mile deep in parts, and a mile wide.

I IS FOR INSTRUMENTATION

Instrumentation is, of course, a vital part of space travel investigation. Each time a rocket blasts off many thousands of instruments are watched and logged – some on the ground, some in the special aircraft which fly around the firing pad, some inside the spaceship itself.

J IS FOR JUPITER

Jupiter is by far the largest planet in the solar system, having more than twice the mass of all the other planets put together. It has a huge red spot – Jupiter's Eye – which may be an enormous vertical column of gas. Jupiter has a volume 1,000 times that of earth.



K IS FOR KC-135

KC-135 is a type of US Air Force plane used in training astronauts in weightlessness. The pilot flies the aircraft – a converted Boeing 707 – like a roller-coaster, diving, zooming up, curving, diving again, to cause short spells of weightlessness. Inside the plane any vehicles, tools or other pieces of equipment – including the astronauts! – that are to be launched into space are tried out during these thirty-second periods.

L IS FOR LAUNCH WINDOW

A launch window is the amount of time available in which it is possible to launch a rocket from earth so that it will reach its destination at the correct and desired time. Because the earth is constantly spinning it is essential to fire the rocket just at the right moment. The launch window may be the number of minutes, hours or days available for the launch.

M IS FOR METEOR CRATER

The Meteor Crater in the desert area of Arizona was formed some twelve thousand years ago, when a huge meteorite fell to earth, leaving a crater more than 500 feet deep and with a circumference of three miles. The crater was put to good use when American astronauts were preparing to land on the moon, for it is the only natural geological form on earth that resembles the craters that dot the moon's surface. It provided a taste of the terrain that they would encounter when they landed on the moon.

N IS FOR NASA

NASA (the National Aeronautics and Space Administration) was set up in 1958 to run America's space programme. It employs many thousands of people in different centres spread throughout the country.

O IS FOR ORBITING SPACE STATION

The first Russian orbiting space station was Salyut 1, launched in 1971. The first American space station was Skylab. These stations are used for a variety of things: as observatories, as research laboratories, as satellite repair stations or as spaceship refuelling points. Plans are being formed that up to a hundred men at a time will eventually man the orbiting space stations, which will be so large that they will have to be built up by astronauts from separate sections launched by individual rockets.

P IS FOR PERIGEE

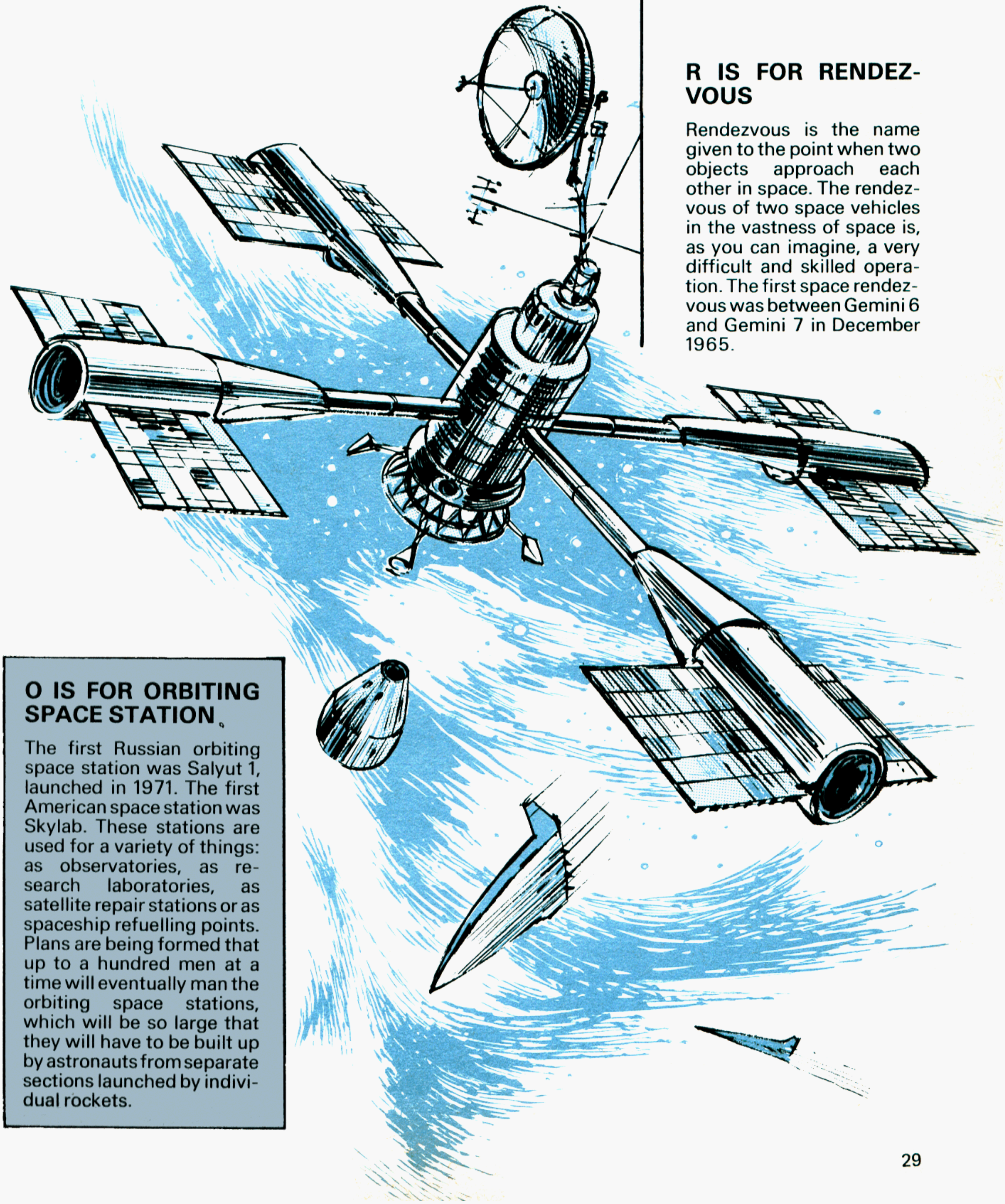
The perigee is the lowest point in a satellite's orbit. The apogee is its opposite – the farthest point away from earth in a satellite's orbit.

Q IS FOR Q

Q is a letter used to indicate pressure. As a rocket climbs, pressure builds up in its nose, and when the pressure reaches its peak it is known as 'the area of maximum Q'.

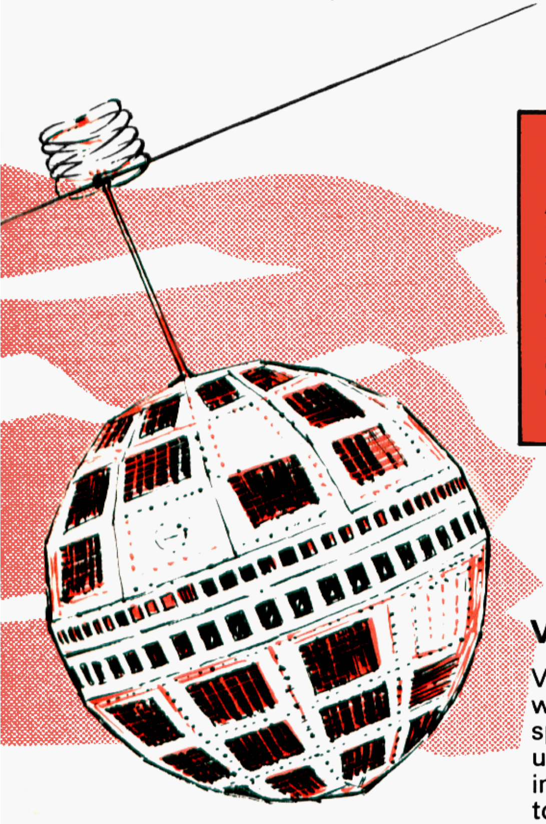
R IS FOR RENDEZVOUS

Rendezvous is the name given to the point when two objects approach each other in space. The rendezvous of two space vehicles in the vastness of space is, as you can imagine, a very difficult and skilled operation. The first space rendezvous was between Gemini 6 and Gemini 7 in December 1965.



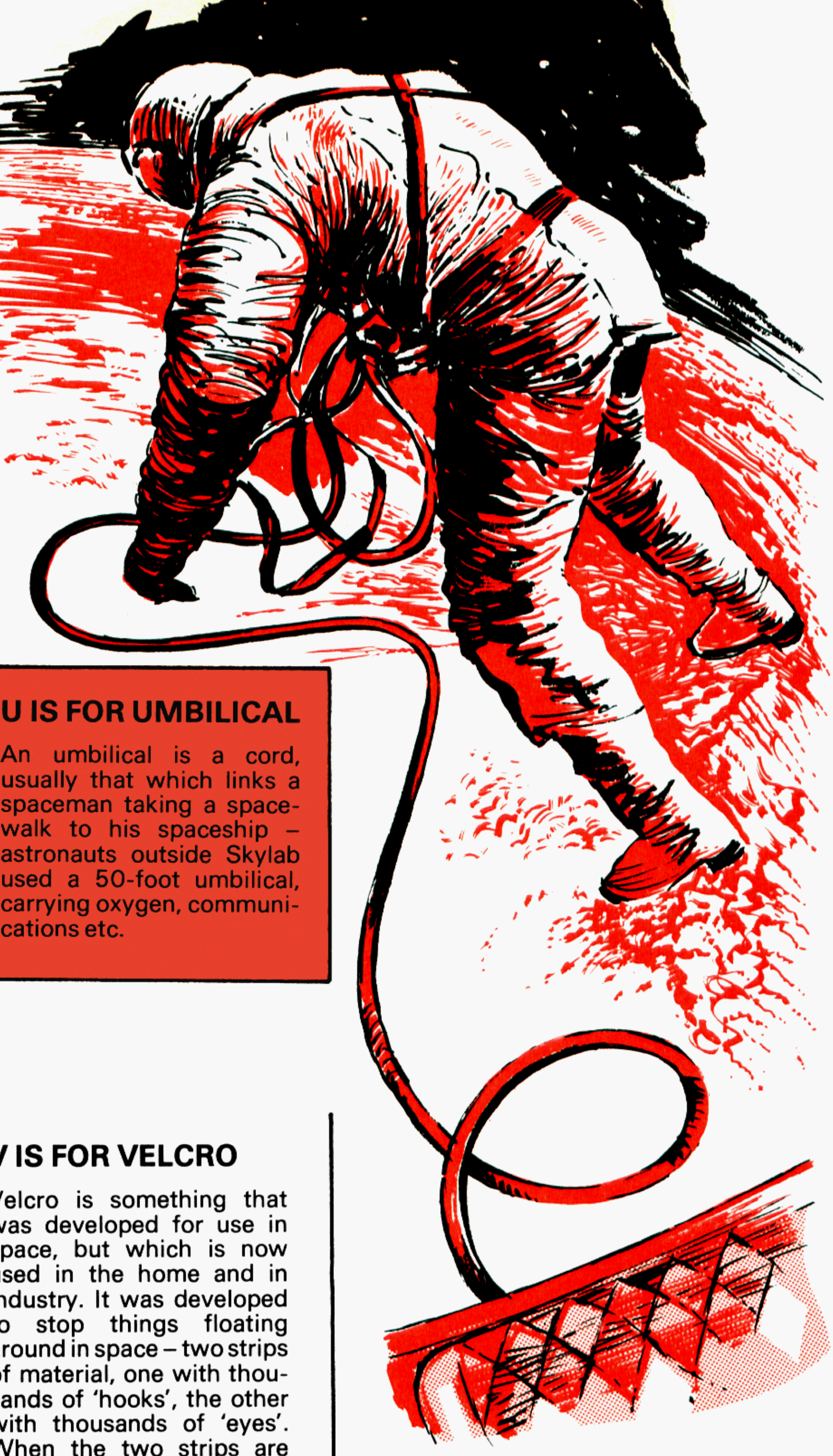
S IS FOR SLEEP RESTRAINT HARNESS

Sleep restraint harnesses are found in Skylab. Crews on Skylab suffer the sensation of weightlessness, and are therefore unable to sleep in a normal bed – they would simply float off into the air! Sleep restraint harnesses are rather like conventional sleeping bags, but they are suspended from the wall. The astronaut climbs into the bag, zips himself in, and is thus restrained while he sleeps.



T IS FOR TELSTAR

Telstar resembled a giant ball, and was launched in July 1962 into orbit above the earth, the intention being to relay television across the Atlantic. Telstar did become the first communications satellite to do this, beaming black and white TV pictures from Maine in America to Goonhilly Downs in Cornwall.



U IS FOR UMBILICAL

An umbilical is a cord, usually that which links a spaceman taking a spacewalk to his spaceship – astronauts outside Skylab used a 50-foot umbilical, carrying oxygen, communications etc.

V IS FOR VELCRO

Velcro is something that was developed for use in space, but which is now used in the home and in industry. It was developed to stop things floating around in space – two strips of material, one with thousands of 'hooks', the other with thousands of 'eyes'. When the two strips are pressed together they hold securely. The Apollo spacecraft had many patches of velcro dotted around, and most loose objects carried a patch, too. If an object was found floating around the spaceship it could then be quickly secured. On earth velcro is used as a fastener, in place of zips or in seat covers etc.

W IS FOR WHITE ROOM

The White Room is the name given to the structure placed around a spaceship on the launch pad. How did it get its name? It has white walls, and is dust-free.

X IS FOR X-15

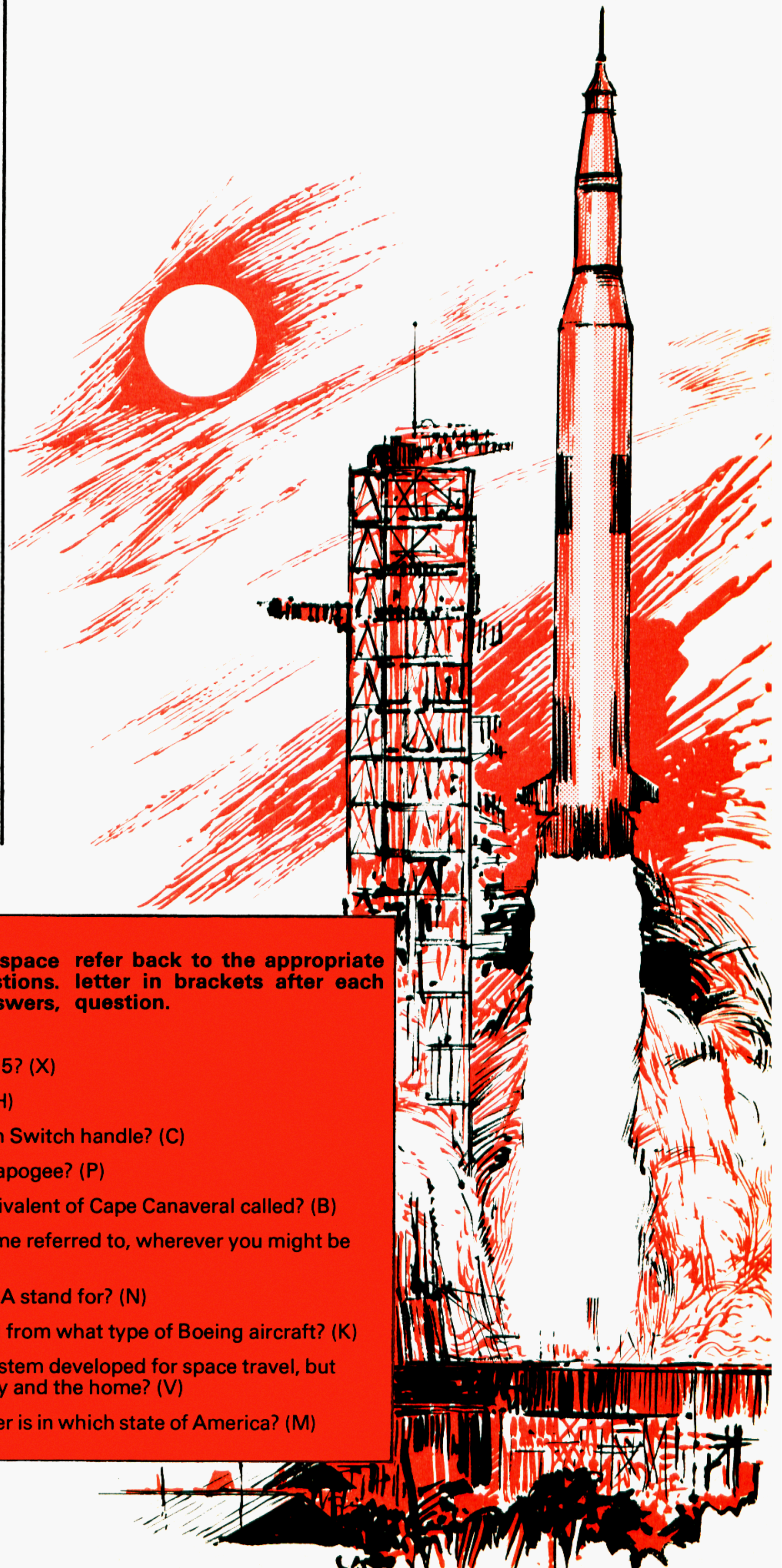
The X-15 was a US rocket plane used for research into light-speed aerodynamics. The first man on the moon, Neil Armstrong, was once an X-15 pilot.

Y IS FOR YAW

Yawing is the name given to the movement of a spaceship's nose from side to side, giving the crew a better view. It is one of three movements a spaceship can make without changing its orbit – the others are Pitch (the movement of the nose up and down) and Roll (the spinning movement of the spaceship).

Z IS FOR ZULU TIME

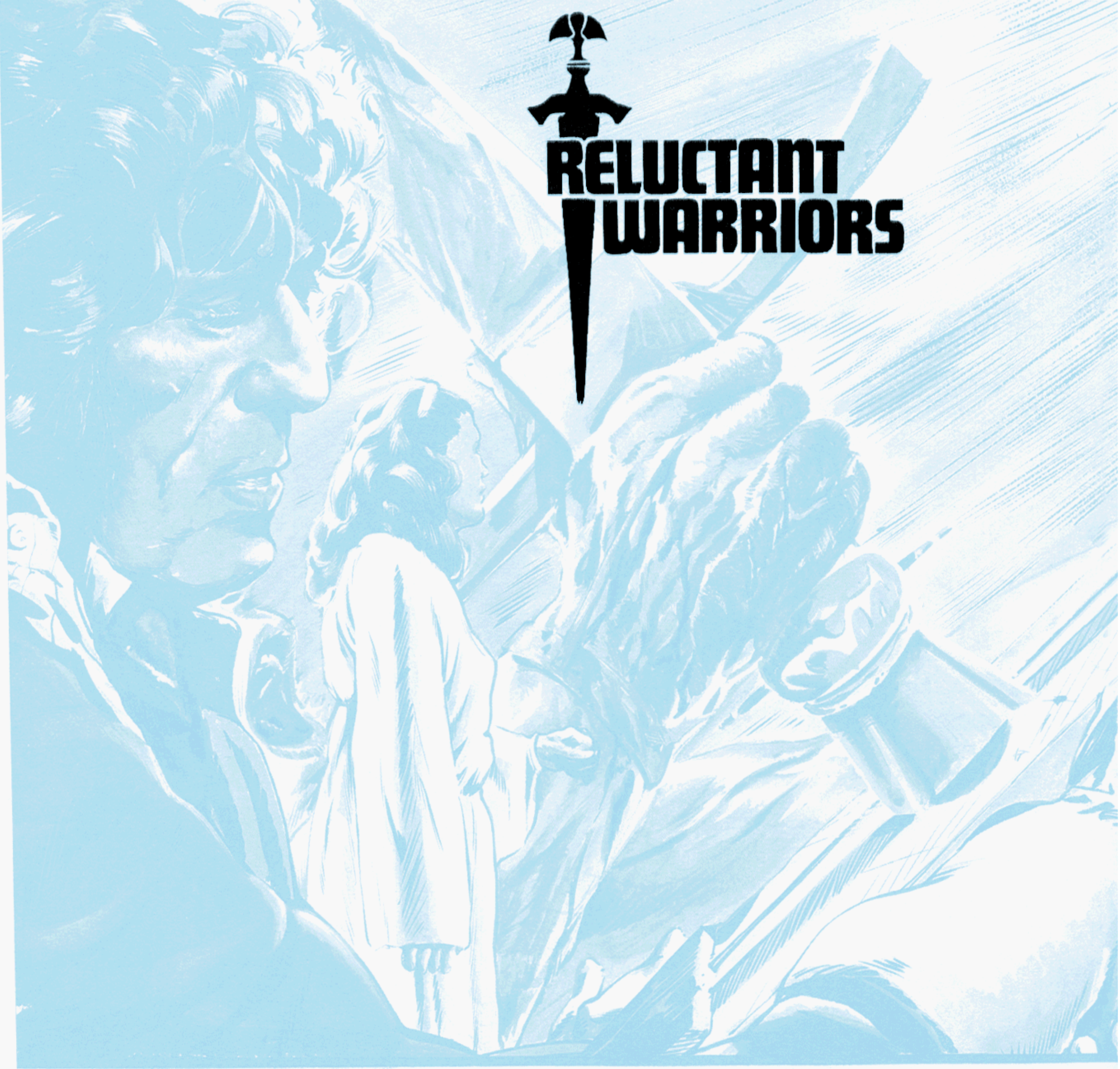
Wherever you may be in the world, the local time is referred to as Zulu Time.



Now that you've read the space alphabet, try these questions. If you don't know the answers, refer back to the appropriate letter in brackets after each question.

1. Who once piloted an X-15? (X)
2. Where is Hadley Rille? (H)
3. What colour is a Chicken Switch handle? (C)
4. What is the opposite of apogee? (P)
5. What is the Russian equivalent of Cape Canaveral called? (B)
6. By what name is local time referred to, wherever you might be in the world? (Z)
7. What do the letters NASA stand for? (N)
8. The KC-135 is converted from what type of Boeing aircraft? (K)
9. What is the fastening system developed for space travel, but now also used in industry and the home? (V)
10. The famous Meteor Crater is in which state of America? (M)

RELUCTANT WARRIORS



Romana cringed as she watched the Doctor at the controls of the Tardis. Really, it was a miracle that they ever landed anywhere. He never went by the book, seemingly flicking switches as they took his fancy, and if she tried to correct him all she got was a pained look and a cutting remark about 'students!'.

"I know what you're thinking, and no, I am not going to use the multi-loop stabiliser, so there!" The Doctor grinned at his companion's expression of wide-eyed innocence. "You can't teach an old dog new tricks. Isn't that right, K9?"

"I am familiar with that saying, master," said K9, "but as I am a relatively new dog I cannot account for its accuracy."

"*Hmph!*" said the Doctor.

In spite of Romana's fears, the Tardis landed smoothly, and the three travellers watched the screen as the planet Banto came into view. They had landed in the middle of a city. Tall white buildings linked by slender bridges stretched as far as the eye could see, and a brilliant sun made the scene so dazzling that Romana found herself screwing up her eyes.

"I shall get terrible wrinkles," she grumbled, shading her face with her hand as they stepped outside.

"Ah, the sacrifices one must make in the name of Time," sighed the Doctor, and although she couldn't see his eyes, Romana had the faintest suspicion that he was laughing at her.

"Where does this friend of yours live then?" she asked.

The Doctor pointed vaguely at a cluster of identical buildings. "Over there somewhere . . . I think," he said.

As they walked along they noticed large screens set at intervals in the walls. They were blank, but people were beginning to congregate round them, their faces expectant. Romana was fascinated by their green skins and pale hair until the Doctor reminded her that it was rude to stare.

"What are they waiting for, Doctor?" she asked.

"A news flash, probably," he replied.

The screens had begun to flicker, so they stopped by one and waited with the eager crowds. There was a flash of brilliant colour, and then the screen cleared to show a noisy battle scene, with large forces of men fighting a grim battle against a backdrop of muddy fields.

"They must be showing old movies," said the Doctor. "I wonder if it's a repeat?" He looked around for K9, who was sniffing at a lamp post, and was about to move on when a loudspeaker blared into life.

Yes, people, here they are again! The Yemites versus the Thralls! As you can see, they are fighting hard – to the death even – and the result could go either way! Who will win? Don't waste any time! Place your bets now before the last, climactic confrontation!

Romana was appalled. "This is horrible!" she exclaimed. "These people are betting on human life!"

The Doctor agreed with her. "Something is very wrong," he said grimly. "The last time I was here violence was virtually unknown, and now it seems that death is just another form of entertainment. I wonder who's behind it all?"

They hurried away from the cheering crowds and found the apartment block where the Doctor's friend lived. K9 was left on the ground floor, while Romana and the Doctor toiled up the never-ending stairs.

"I hope this friend of yours remembers you," panted Romana. "I'd hate to have come all this way for nothing!"

"Have faith, child," said the Doctor, striding easily beside her. "My friends never forget me."

"That I can believe!" retorted Romana. "But will you be welcome?"

"Of course! Alix is one of my oldest friends."

They stopped at last in front of a black door numbered 1,624. The Doctor rapped sharply, and didn't notice another door across the hall slowly open. He knocked again, and seconds later the black door opened a fraction.

"Who's there?" said a voice.

"Open up, Alix! It's me, your old friend the Doctor."

The door opened fully and the two travellers were hustled inside.

"What are you doing here?" hissed Alix, looking anxiously down the hall before closing the door. Like the rest of the city people he was green-skinned and fair-haired, and wore soft white clothing. "You couldn't have come at a worse time! Leondin's spies are everywhere!"

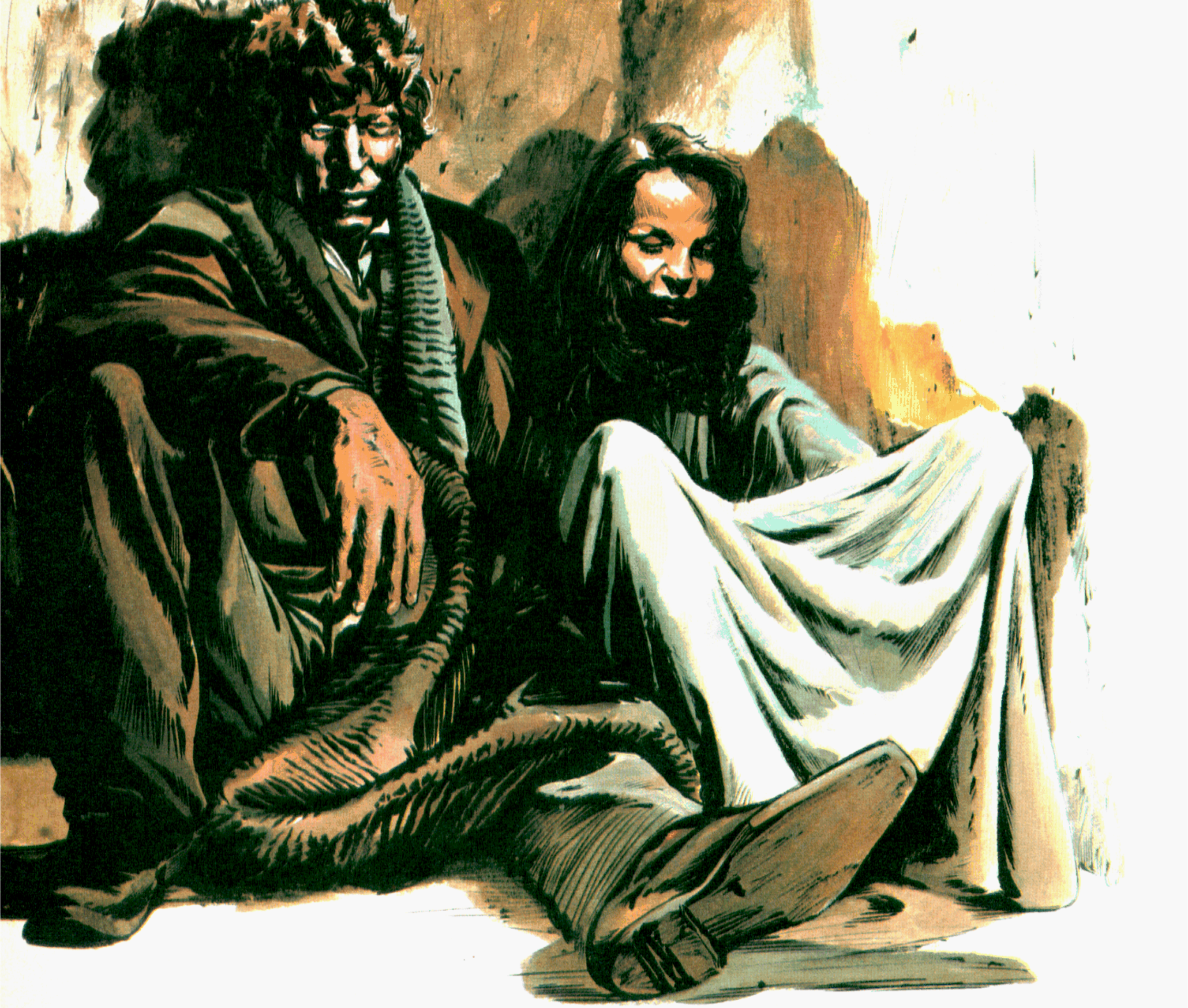
"Leondin?" The Doctor was startled. "I think you had better tell me about all this."

Alix lowered his voice. "You may remember Leondin from your last visit, when he was campaigning for more leisure and shorter working hours." The Doctor nodded. "People were fooled by his persuasive talk and he was elected. Of course, some of us tried to block him on the grounds that he was mentally unstable, but we were outnumbered.

"As soon as he could, he threw out all the old senators and replaced them with his pleasure-seeking cronies. Soon the whole city seemed to think of nothing but pleasure, and Leondin provided more and more sophisticated entertainments to keep them happy in their long hours of leisure."

"Surely there must be some sensible people left," said Romana.

"There are a few of us," said Alix, "but we cannot get together because Leondin has us watched. He has forbidden meetings of any kind, and controls all press and television. I suspect that he even



has his spies in this building."

"But what about this terrible war between the Thralls and the Yemites?" said the Doctor. "Surely they used to live peacefully on opposite sides of the planet?"

"This is just the latest in a series of bloodthirsty 'galas', as Leondin calls them. He told both the Thralls and the Yemites that he was holding a military parade, and invited them to send their best troops and weapons. As soon as they set up camp he sent his TV cameras out there, each equipped with his latest fiendish toy, the 'ray of wrath' as he calls it.

"The machine was originally invented to help the mentally disturbed, but Leondin uses it to *create* mental anguish, fear and aggression, with the results you saw on the screens today."

Suddenly the door of the apartment burst open and four armed men rushed in. "Stay where you are!" barked the front man. "It is forbidden to hold meetings, and you have broken the law. You must come with us."

"Come now, we are just good friends talking over old times," said the Doctor with his most winning smile.

It was wasted. The man simply prodded him in the ribs with his weapon and ordered him outside. Romana and Alix followed. Downstairs, the Doctor could see K9 waiting patiently and as they approached the little robot's tail began to wag.

Quickly the Doctor bent down, as if to tie his shoelace. "Stay there, K9!" he whispered fiercely. "Wait until we have set off then follow at a safe distance. We are going to need you."

A boot in the ribs stopped any further conversation, and the Doctor was thrown into an armoured vehicle with the others.

"Some welcome!" said Romana.

They were taken to Leondin's domed, white palace, and after several hours in a chilly cell a guard announced that Leondin was ready to see them.

The city's ruler sat in his chamber, surrounded by showcases full of items from every conceivable form of entertainment: games, sports equipment, fancy costumes, musical instruments, weapons and armour.

Romana could not contain a gasp of astonishment at the colourful array, and the little man in the big soft chair seemed pleased.

"Welcome to my den," he said, rubbing his hands together.

"Quite a collection, isn't it?"

"Oh, I grew out of games at a very early age," said the Doctor, casually inspecting a gruesome, three-pronged dagger still smeared with traces of dried blood. "I feel that there must be something lacking in the minds of adults whose only aim in life is pleasure. Don't you agree?"

Leondin's oily smile turned into a sneer. "Then it won't worry you that you will shortly be the *object* of my pleasure," he said, pointing to the monitor screen above their heads. The battle was still raging, and above the screen illuminated numbers announced that the odds were now 5 – 2 against the Thralls. "But first," he continued, "who are you, and why have you come to my city?"

"If we are going to play twenty questions, that's two you've had already," said the Doctor. "Only eighteen to go."

Leondin was not amused. "It is not wise to joke with me!" he snapped. "You will soon regret your flippancy. Guards!" Four grim-faced guards marched in. "Put the girl back in the cell until I decide what to do with her, and take these two to the battlefield. The Thralls can have this insolent fellow, and the Yemites can have the other. Fight well, my friends, I am looking forward to a good show."

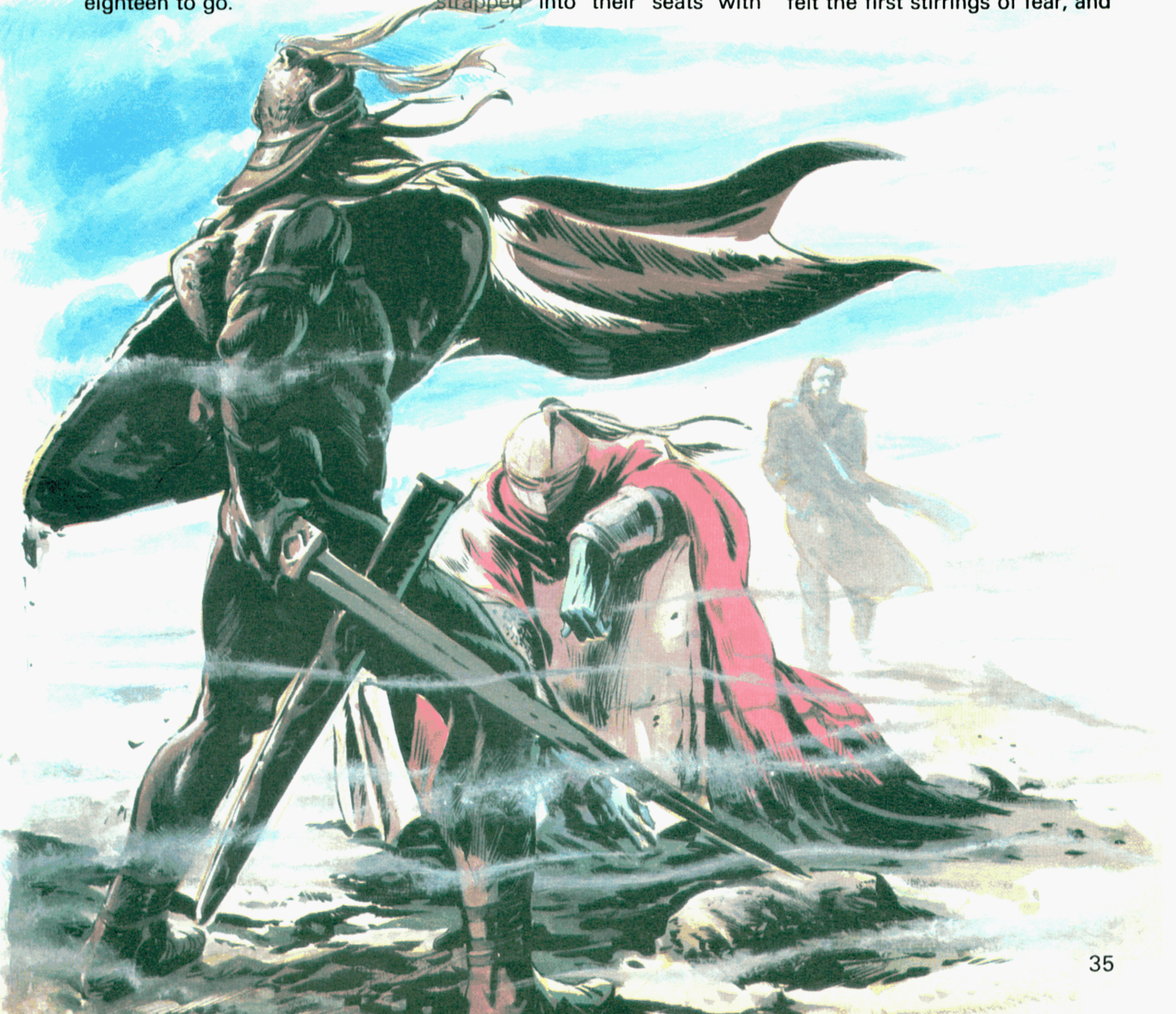
Leondin smiled with satisfaction, and as the doors closed he picked up a microphone on his desk. "Calling all cameras," he said. "Close in for the climax. I am increasing the frequency of the ray now." He pushed a lever on his desk up to maximum, and immediately the fighting on the screen intensified.

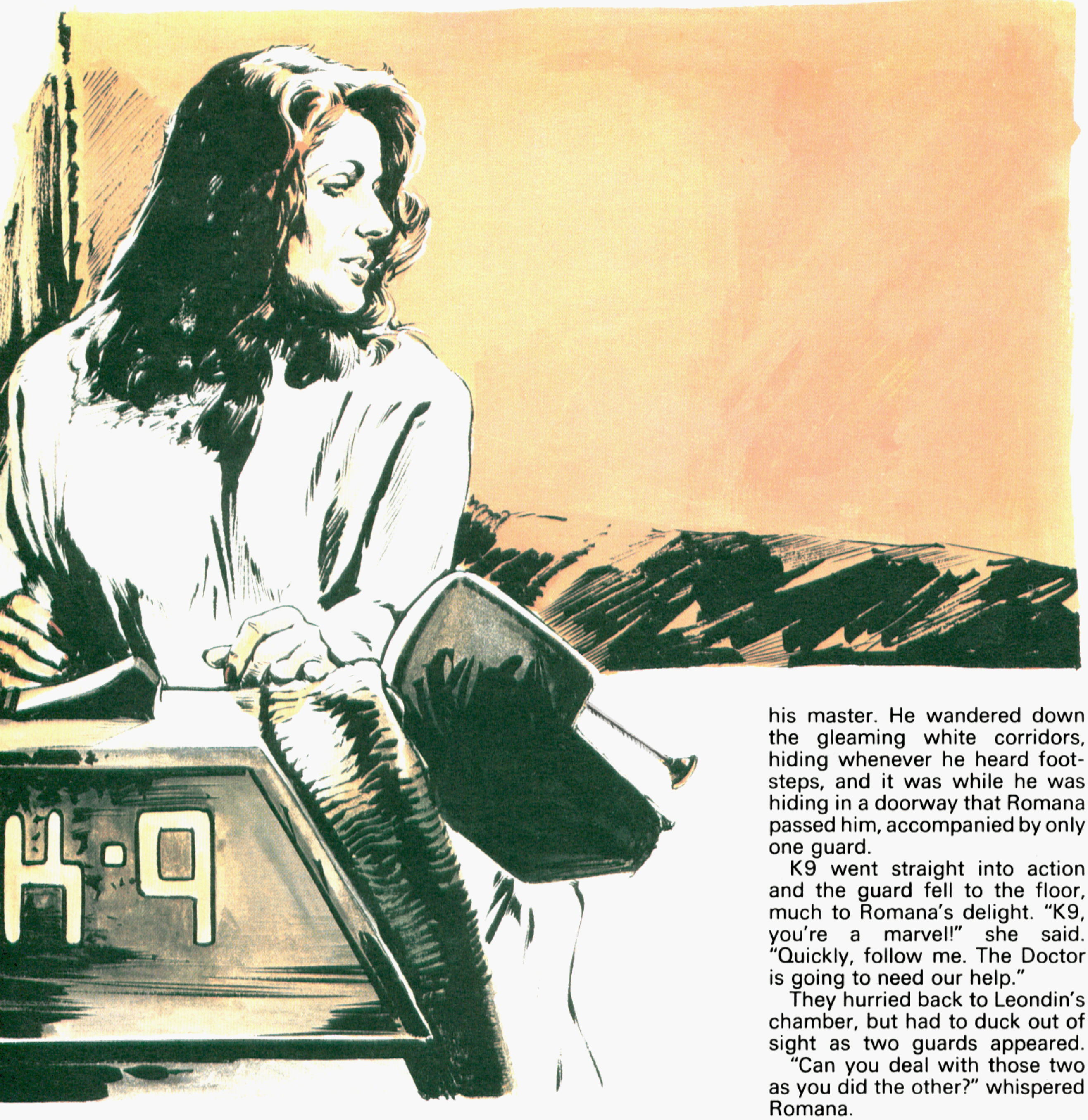
The Doctor and his friend were led out to a small hoverplane and strapped into their seats with broad leather bands. "I wish they weren't going to split us up," said Alix gloomily.

The Doctor winced at his choice of words. "Thinking back to those two-edged swords I think it's very likely that we shall be 'split up'," he said.

They arrived during a lull in the fighting. Both sides had retreated to lick their wounds and prepare for another onslaught. The hoverplane took them to a large tent, high on a hill above the battlefield, where the 'director' and his team made sure that the best possible camera angles were chosen to get the best possible results.

After consulting his clipboard, the director sent Alix off to the Yemite camp, while the Doctor was taken to the leader of the Thrall forces. As the insidious ray began to penetrate his brain he felt the first stirrings of fear, and





deliberately pushed them from his mind, concentrating instead on the strange appearance of the Thralls.

They had mottled, red-brown skin, reminding the Doctor of potted meat, and coarse black hair which they wore in plaits. Their bodies were protected by overlapping plates of thick leather armour, and they carried weapons and shields of unpolished steel. Some rode sturdy animals with vicious-looking horns and shaggy hair, but the Doctor was told that he would have to fight on foot.

Equipped with a leather breastplate, a shield and a double-edged sword, he was pushed among the ranks of foot soldiers. As he waited, his concentration began to slip, and once again the nameless fears crept into his mind. Suddenly he felt angry, very angry . . . and yet he was afraid too. He closed his eyes in an effort to shut out the ray, but in spite of himself his lips were curling into a snarl, and he gripped the sword more tightly.

Meanwhile, K9 had reached the palace and was searching for his master. He wandered down the gleaming white corridors, hiding whenever he heard footsteps, and it was while he was hiding in a doorway that Romana passed him, accompanied by only one guard.

K9 went straight into action and the guard fell to the floor, much to Romana's delight. "K9, you're a marvel!" she said. "Quickly, follow me. The Doctor is going to need our help."

They hurried back to Leondin's chamber, but had to duck out of sight as two guards appeared.

"Can you deal with those two as you did the other?" whispered Romana.

"Certainly, mistress," said K9, "if you will act as decoy."

Romana took off her shoe and threw it across the corridor. Hearing the sound, one of the guards went to investigate, and as soon as he turned the corner K9 gave a short blast. The man fell against the wall, then slid to the floor unconscious. Seconds later, the other guard met the same fate.

Romana retrieved her shoe. "Our only hope is to take Leondin by surprise," she said, and pressed the door panel. The door slid open and they rushed in. The room was empty.

"Oh no!" cried Romana. "Look!"

They stared at the screen, where the two races were fighting their grim battle. There, in the thick of it, his scarf trailing, blood on his face and on his sword, was the Doctor.

"The ray of wrath!" gasped Romana. "We must find the control quickly! It must be in here somewhere."

There was a panel of buttons and levers on Leondin's desk, and she tried them all in the hope that one of them would deactivate the deadly ray. As she pressed the buttons the display cabinets round the room came to life, with flashing lights, buzzers, bells and whirring machinery. In the confusion she didn't notice a hidden door behind her slowly open.

Her hand pulled down the last lever on the desk panel, only to be gripped by another as Leondin's hand closed over hers. "Well done, my dear," said the familiar, oily voice. "What a pity that all that effort has been wasted."

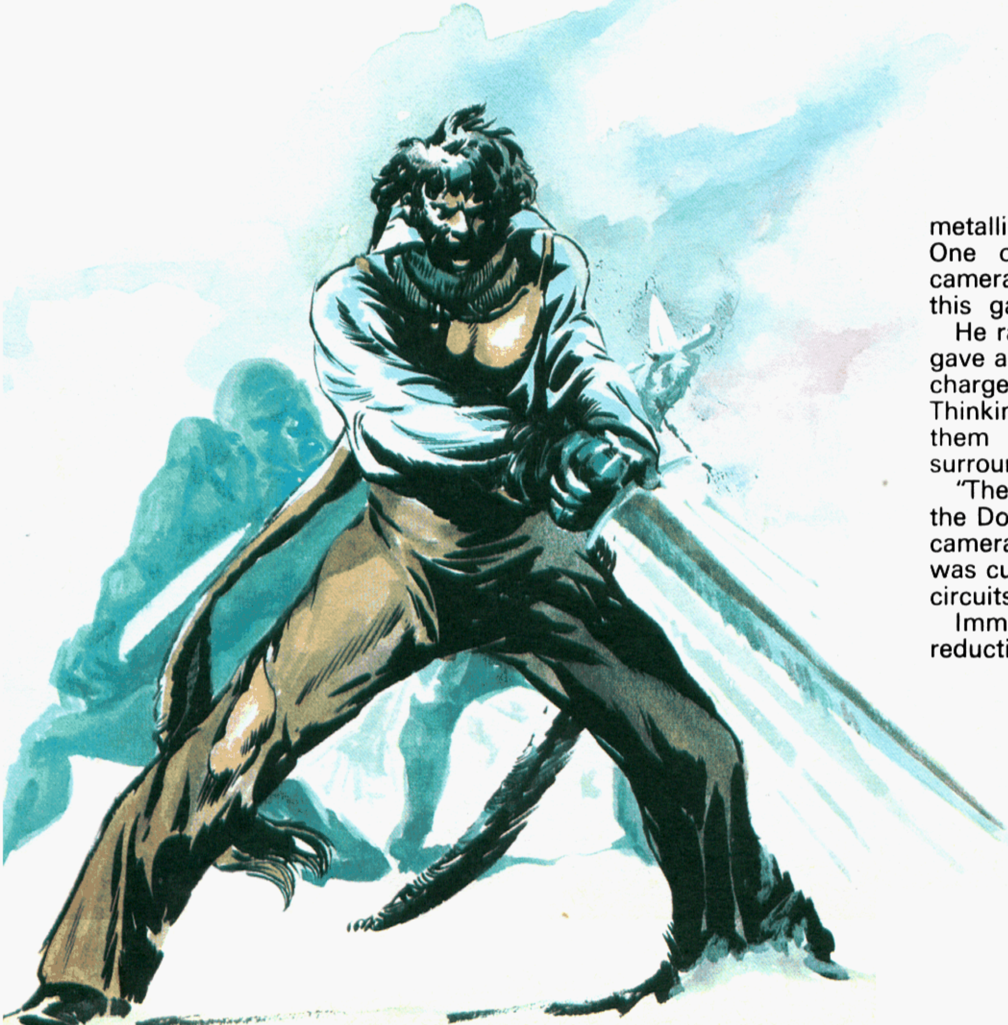
He pushed the lever back up to maximum. "As a reward I think I'll let you watch the rest of the entertainment." Then Leondin noticed K9. "But what's this? A new toy? How unusual, and what a strange shape –"

He bent down to take a closer look . . . and K9 caught him right between the eyes. As he collapsed, Romana caught him and dragged him over to one of the showcases.

"He should be safe in there," she said, locking the door. "And now for that lever. Let's hope I'm not too late."

But those few seconds when the ray was switched off were all the Doctor needed to regain complete control of his mind and see the full horror of what he was doing. Even as Leondin pushed the lever back up to maximum, the Doctor was exerting every cell in his remarkable brain to fight the evil ray.

All around him the Thralls and Yemites were still fighting, but a metallic object caught his eye. One of the remote-controlled cameras was filming nearby, and this gave the Doctor an idea.



He raised his sword in the air, gave a great bellow of rage, and charged towards the camera. Thinking that he was leading them into another attack, the surrounding Thralls followed him.

"There's the real enemy!" cried the Doctor, as they attacked the camera, and within seconds it was cut to pieces, the wires and circuits spilling out like entrails.

Immediately the Doctor felt a reduction in the power of the ray, but there were still two more cameras to be found and dealt with. The strain of keeping up a mental barrier was beginning to tell, and he didn't know how much longer he could keep it up.

Then, miraculously, the ray was no longer there, battering his mind. "Extraordinary," he murmured. "Perhaps the cameras were linked in some way so that they couldn't function separately. What a bit of luck!"

As the effects of the ray wore off, the bewildered survivors stopped fighting and flung down their weapons. Anxiously, the Doctor began searching for Alix, scanning the sea of dark faces for a glimpse of green skin and fair hair. At last he found him, battered and bruised, but otherwise unharmed, helping to carry the wounded off the battlefield.

Later, back at the palace, they were reunited with Romana and K9. Romana had been busy, going through Leondin's files for the names of all the senators considered to be 'enemies of the city', and contacting each of them on his private telephone.

They were all there, having used Leondin's secret door to avoid the guards, and were anxious to return the city to its old, peaceful ways as soon as possible. It wouldn't be easy, but looking at their wise old faces the Doctor had no doubt that they would succeed.

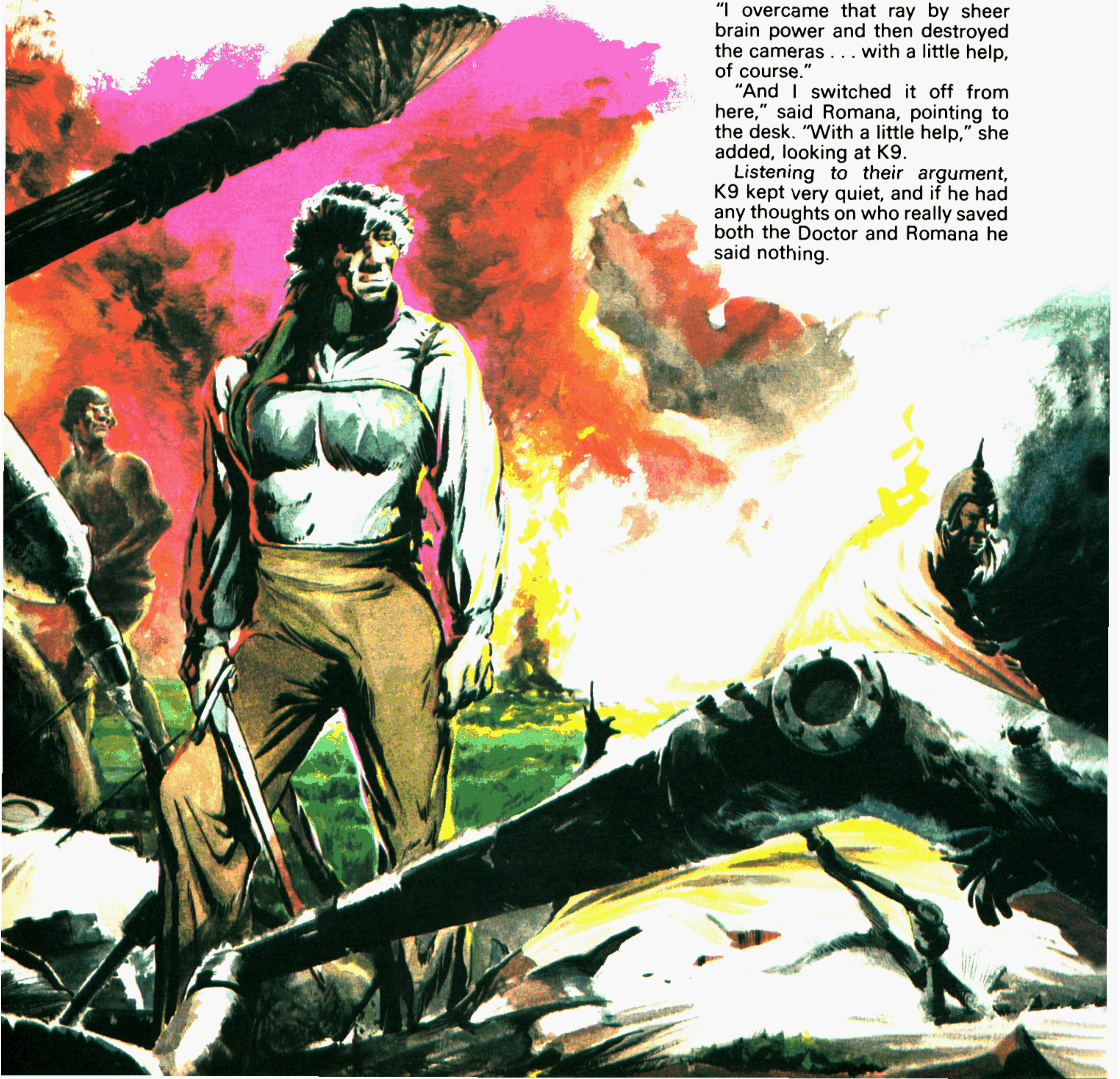
He took Romana on one side to congratulate her on her efforts. "Of course, I made it easier for you by knocking out that infernal ray machine," he said, modestly.

"You!" said Romana indignantly. "I was the one who switched the machine off!"

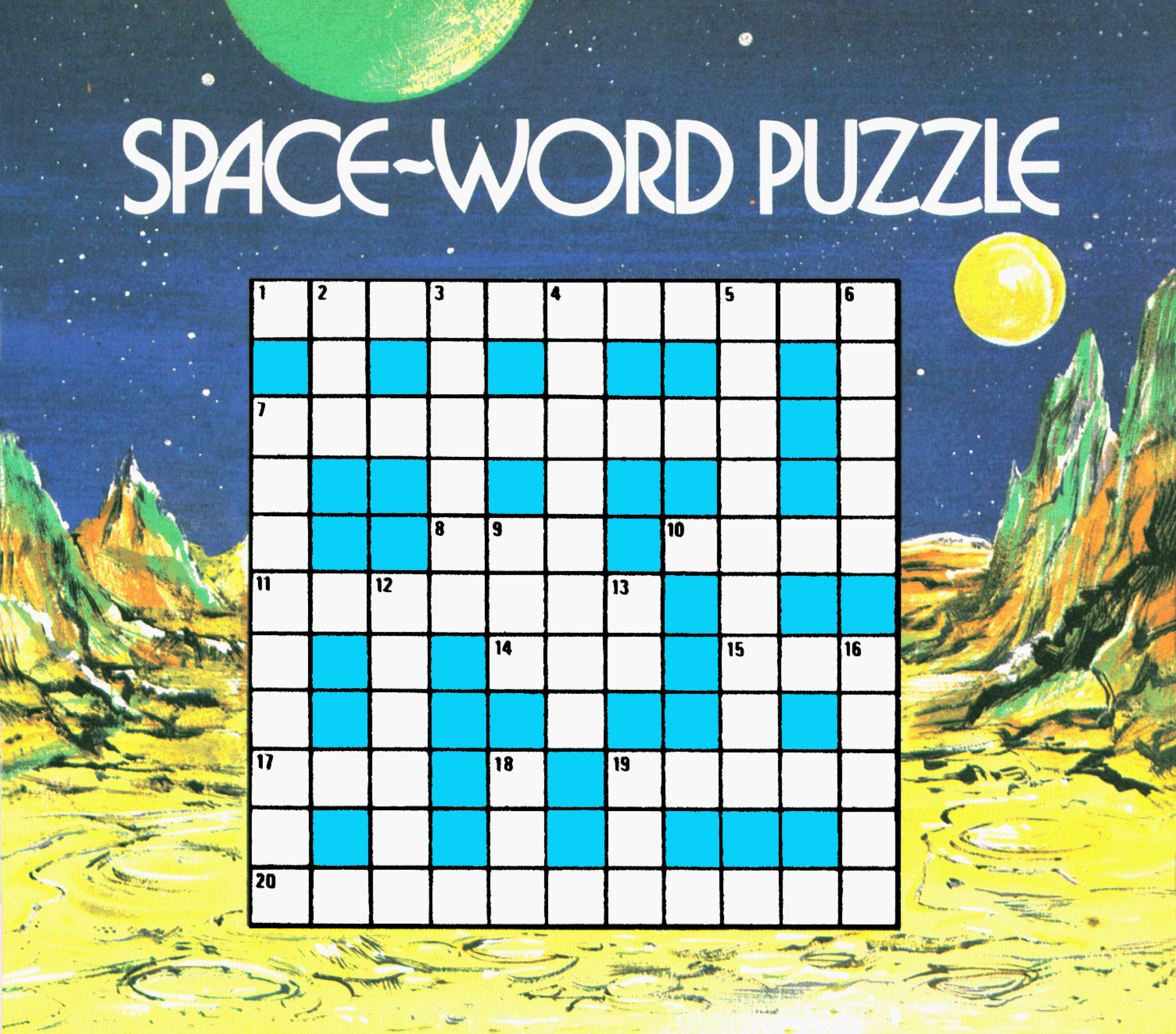
"Not at all," said the Doctor. "I overcame that ray by sheer brain power and then destroyed the cameras . . . with a little help, of course."

"And I switched it off from here," said Romana, pointing to the desk. "With a little help," she added, looking at K9.

Listening to their argument, K9 kept very quiet, and if he had any thoughts on who really saved both the Doctor and Romana he said nothing.



SPACE-WORD PUZZLE



CLUES

ACROSS

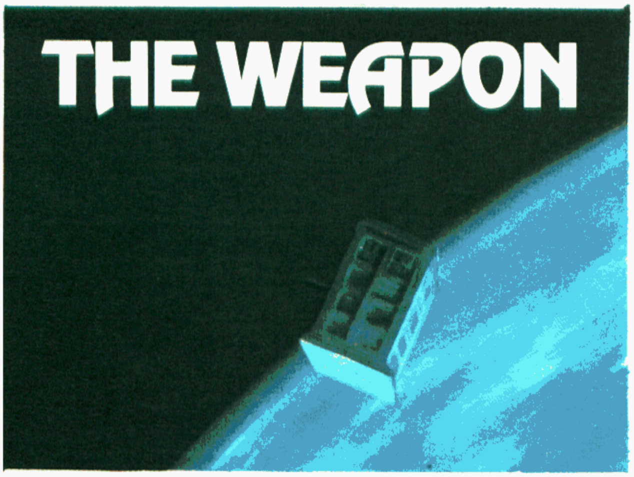
1. Something that backfires on one in space? (5-6)
7. Planet where the Time Lords have their Academy (9)
8. Alpha Centauri had a monstrous one (3)
10. If it's black, look out – it could mean the end of you, in outer space (4)
11. Pillage or plunder (7)
14. Request for someone to turn over a new leaf? (3)
15. The --- Warriors, scaly creatures from Mars, were first the Doctor's allies on Peladon, and then his enemies (3)
17. This has the Earth surrounded (3)
19. And this gives the Doctor cover, but gets under his skin (5)
20. The Doctor's super sonic instrument (11)

DOWN

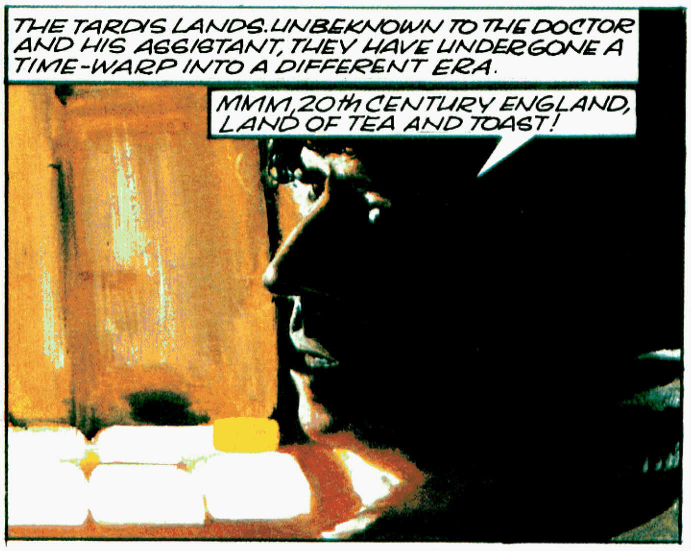
2. The Doctor can move from one --- to another in the Tardis (3)
3. Lunar valleys (6)
4. A light object -------- more light than a dark one (8)
5. The --- -- ---- has six segments, which together form a cube; the Doctor was set the task of finding them (3,2,4)
6. Metebelis ----- was ruled by the giant Spiders (5)
7. There are two ---------, one white and one black; the white one is in authority over the Doctor (9)
9. K9 is unlikely to do this, but a real dog might! (3)
12. Mars is ------ than Jupiter, to someone on Earth (6)
13. The result of a strong punch? (2)
16. Medium, known as upper air, thought to permeate space and allow the propagation of light rays (5)
18. The way in which a Red Indian might greet the Doctor, perhaps? (3)
19. At a great distance. Like Pluto (3)

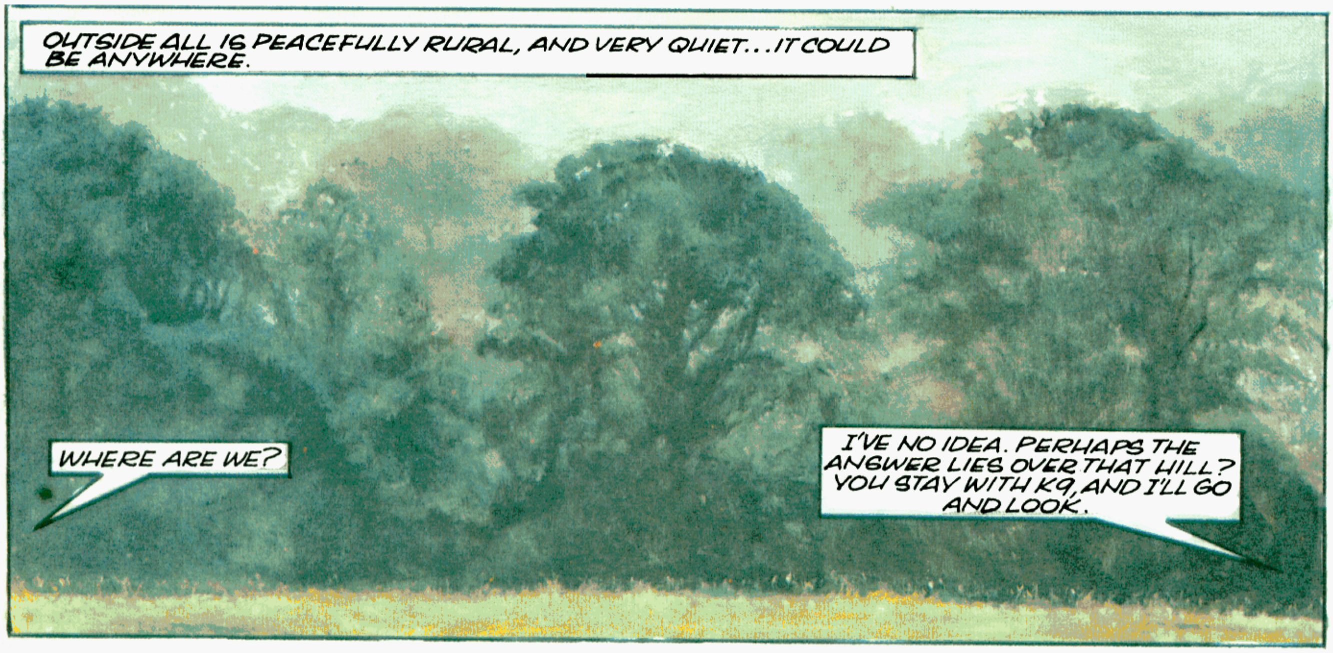
answers on page 60.

THE WEAPON

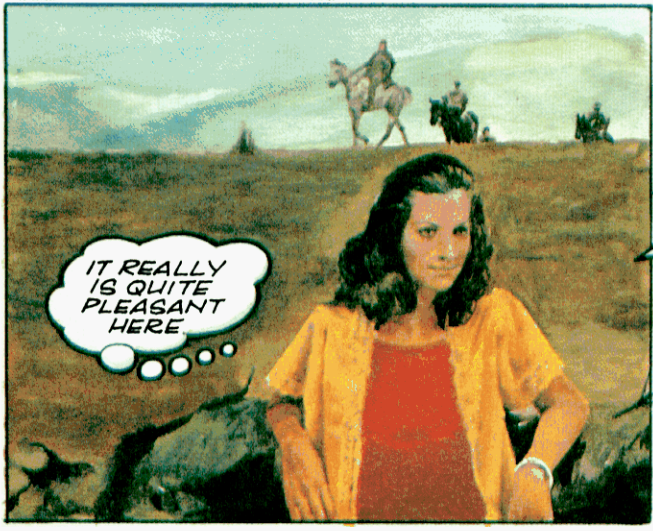


SIGHTED OBJECT: **TARDIS**. DESTINATION: **PLANET EARTH**. TIME OF ARRIVAL: **20th CENTURY** MISSION: **ROUTINE VISIT**.

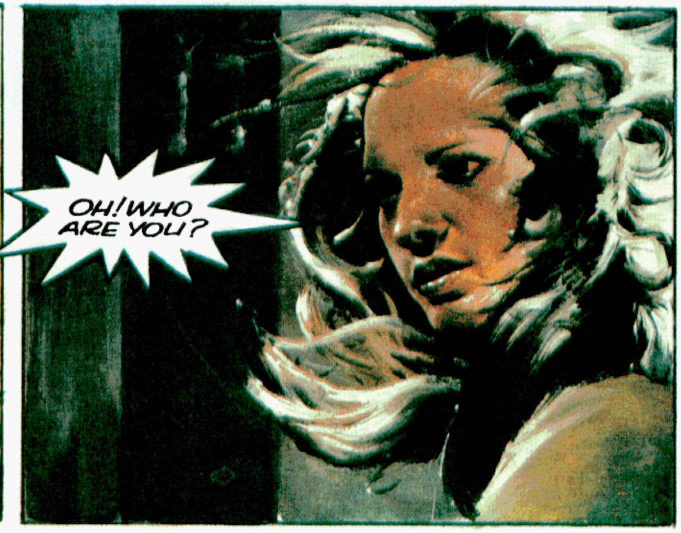

THE TARDIS LANDS. UNBEKNOWN TO THE DOCTOR AND HIS ASSISTANT, THEY HAVE UNDERGONE A TIME-WARP INTO A DIFFERENT ERA.
MMM, 20th CENTURY ENGLAND, LAND OF TEA AND TOAST!


OUTSIDE ALL IS PEACEFULLY RURAL, AND VERY QUIET... IT COULD BE ANYWHERE.
WHERE ARE WE?
I'VE NO IDEA. PERHAPS THE ANSWER LIES OVER THAT HILL? YOU STAY WITH K9, AND I'LL GO AND LOOK.

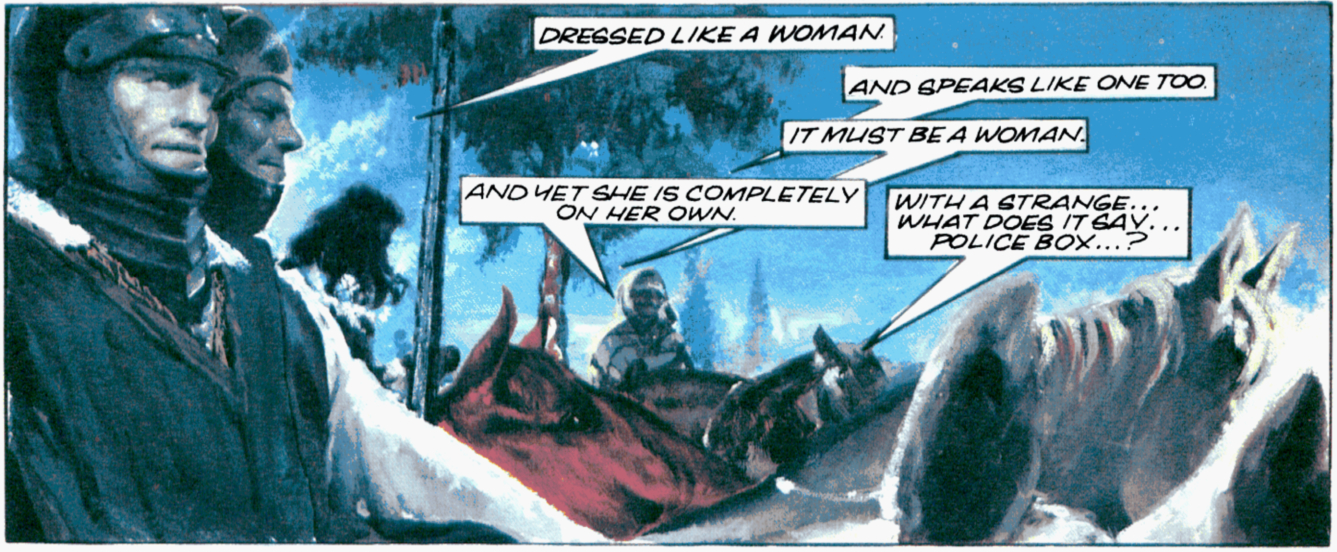
AS THE DOCTOR DISAPPEARS OUT OF SIGHT, ROMANA SETTLES DOWN TO WAIT...


IT REALLY IS QUITE PLEASANT HERE

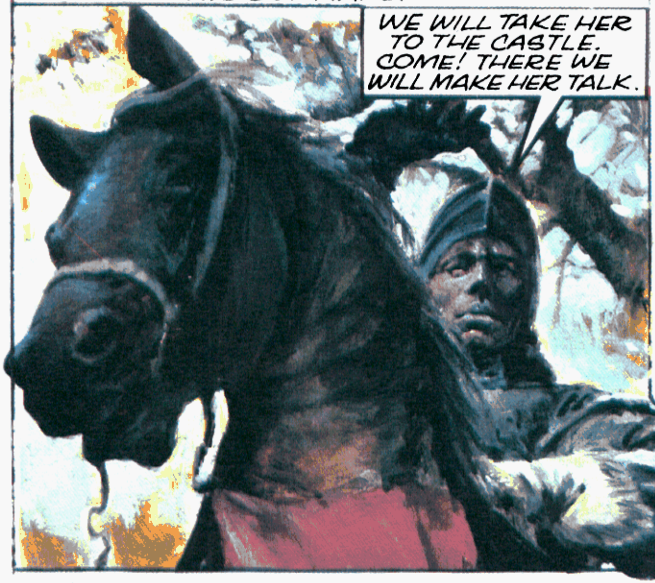
...BUT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY FINDS HERSELF— AND THE TARDIS—SURROUNDED.


OH! WHO ARE YOU?

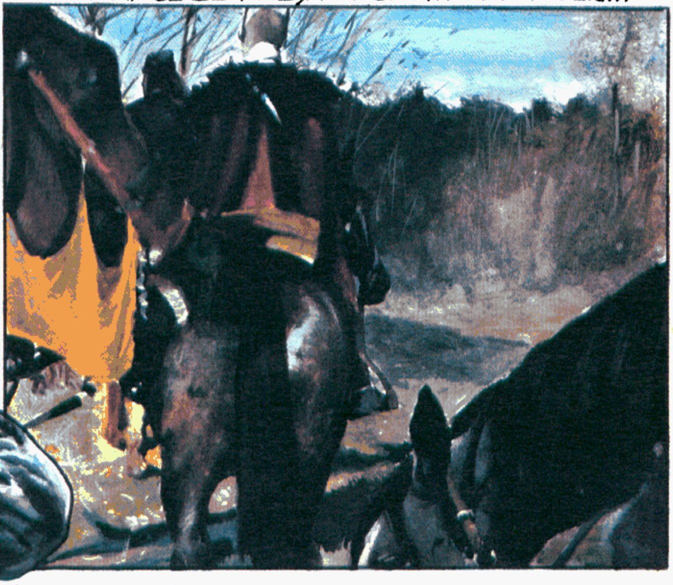
THE HORSEMEN SEEM PUZZLED . . . AND UNCERTAIN WHAT TO DO. ROMANA DOES NOT OFFER ANY INFORMATION TO HELP THEM IN ANY WAY.


DRESSED LIKE A WOMAN.
AND SPEAKS LIKE ONE TOO.
IT MUST BE A WOMAN.
AND YET SHE IS COMPLETELY ON HER OWN.
WITH A STRANGE... WHAT DOES IT SAY... POLICE BOX...?

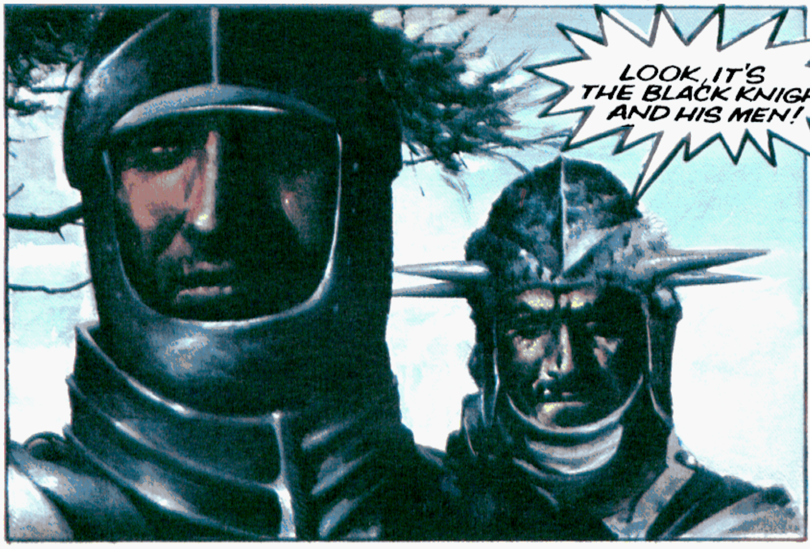
IT IS CLEAR FROM HIS ACTIONS WHICH ONE IS THEIR LEADER. THEY ARE SILENCED BY HIS COMMAND.


WE WILL TAKE HER TO THE CASTLE. COME! THERE WE WILL MAKE HER TALK.

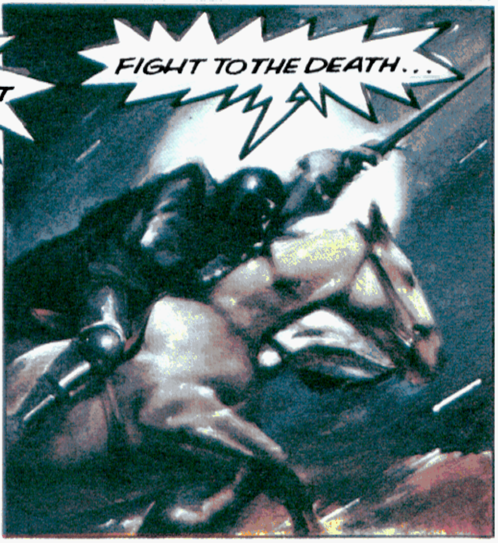
AS THE COAST CLEARS, K9 EMERGES FROM THE TARDIS AND FOLLOWS AT A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE BEHIND, ANTICIPATING DANGER...

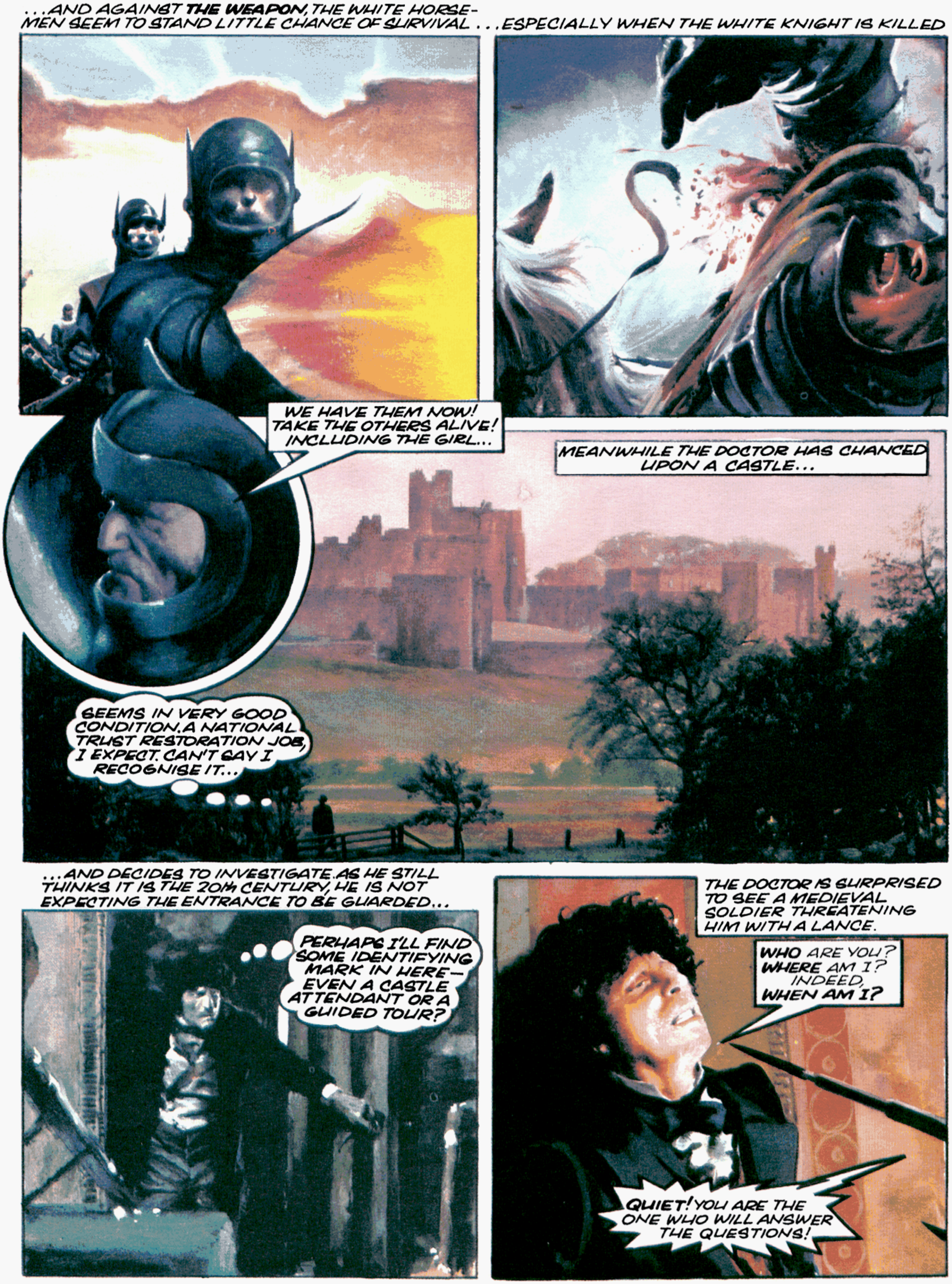


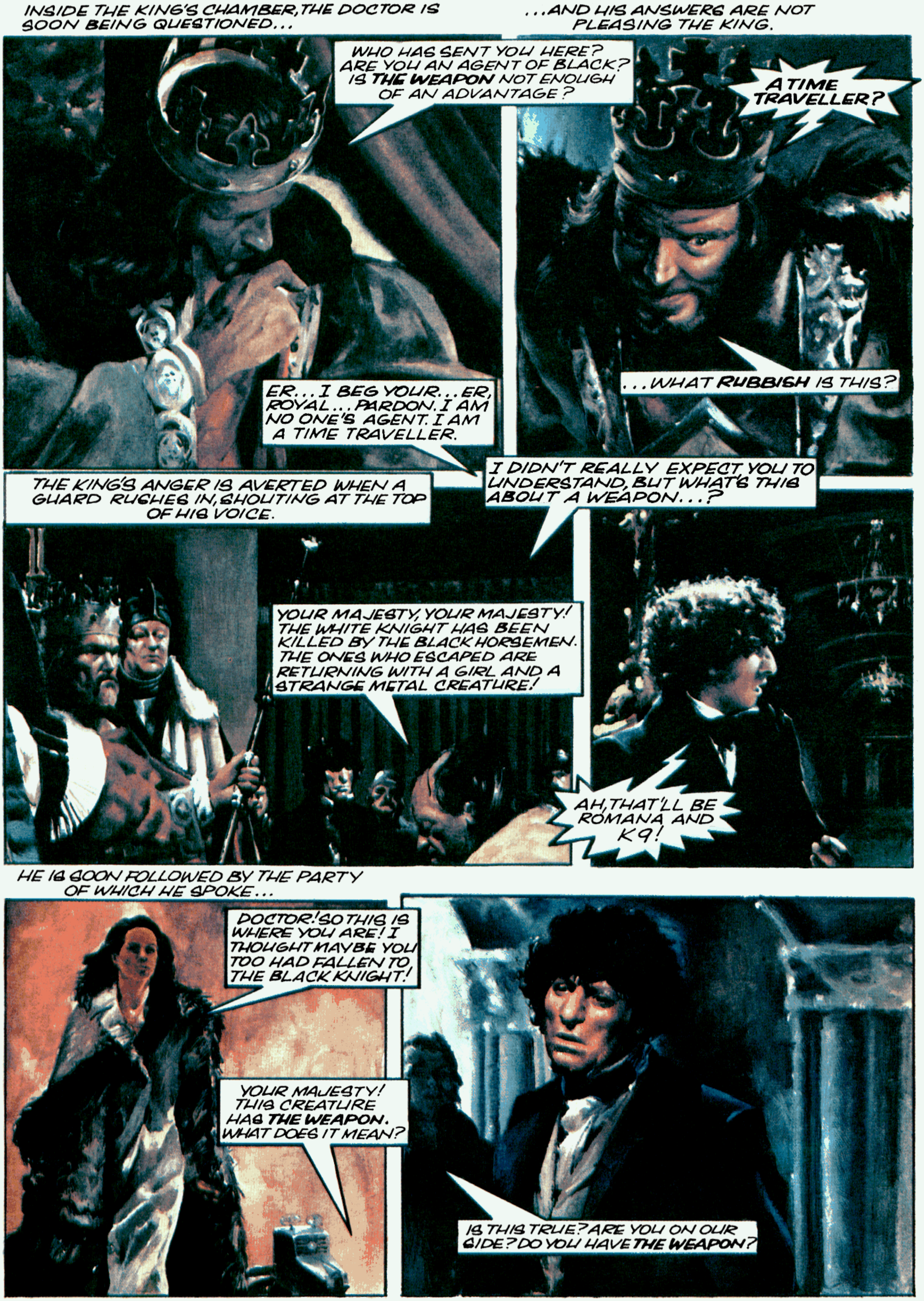
... AND SURE ENOUGH, TROUBLE ISN'T FAR AWAY!

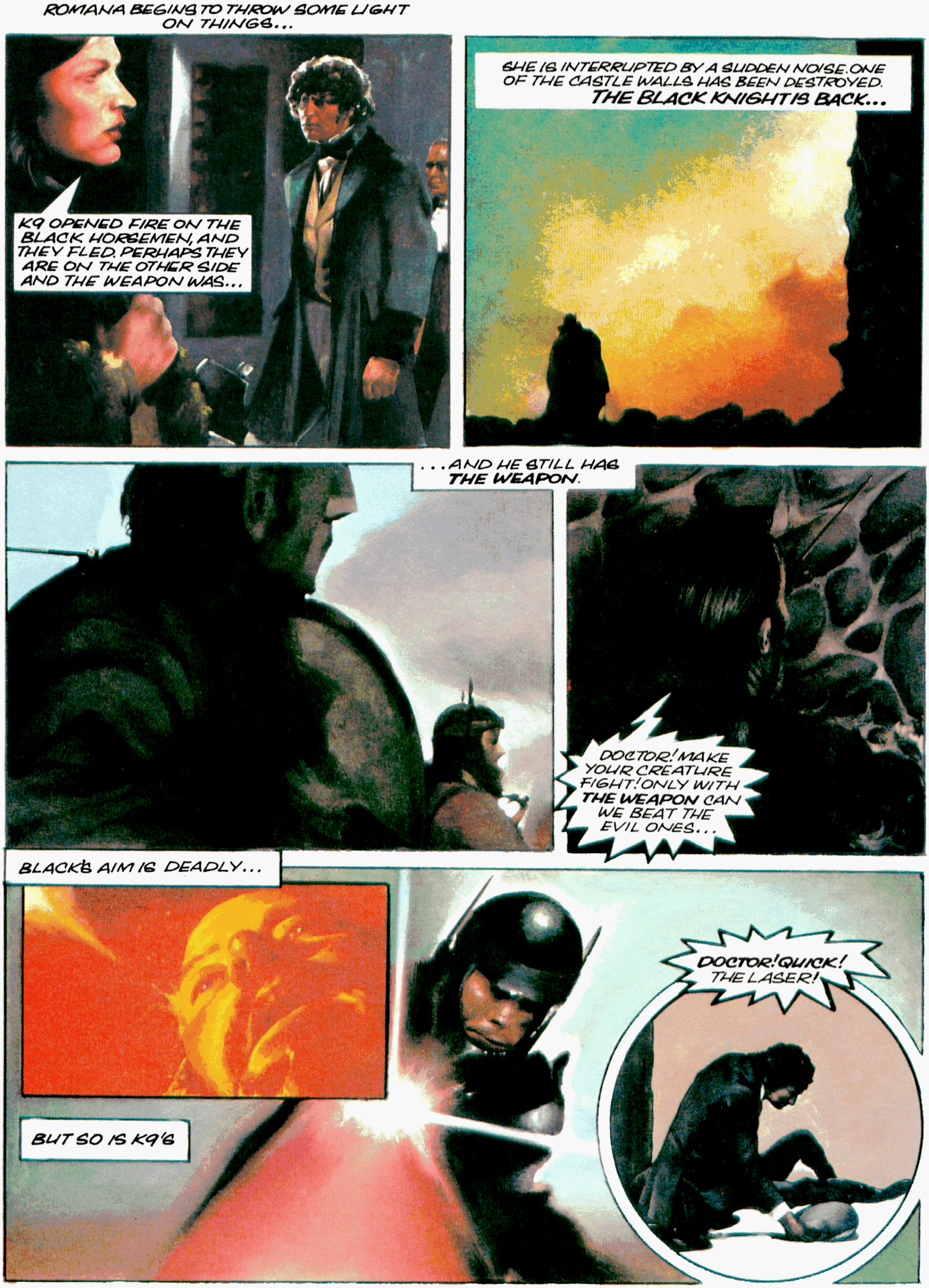

LOOK, IT'S THE BLACK KNIGHT AND HIS MEN!

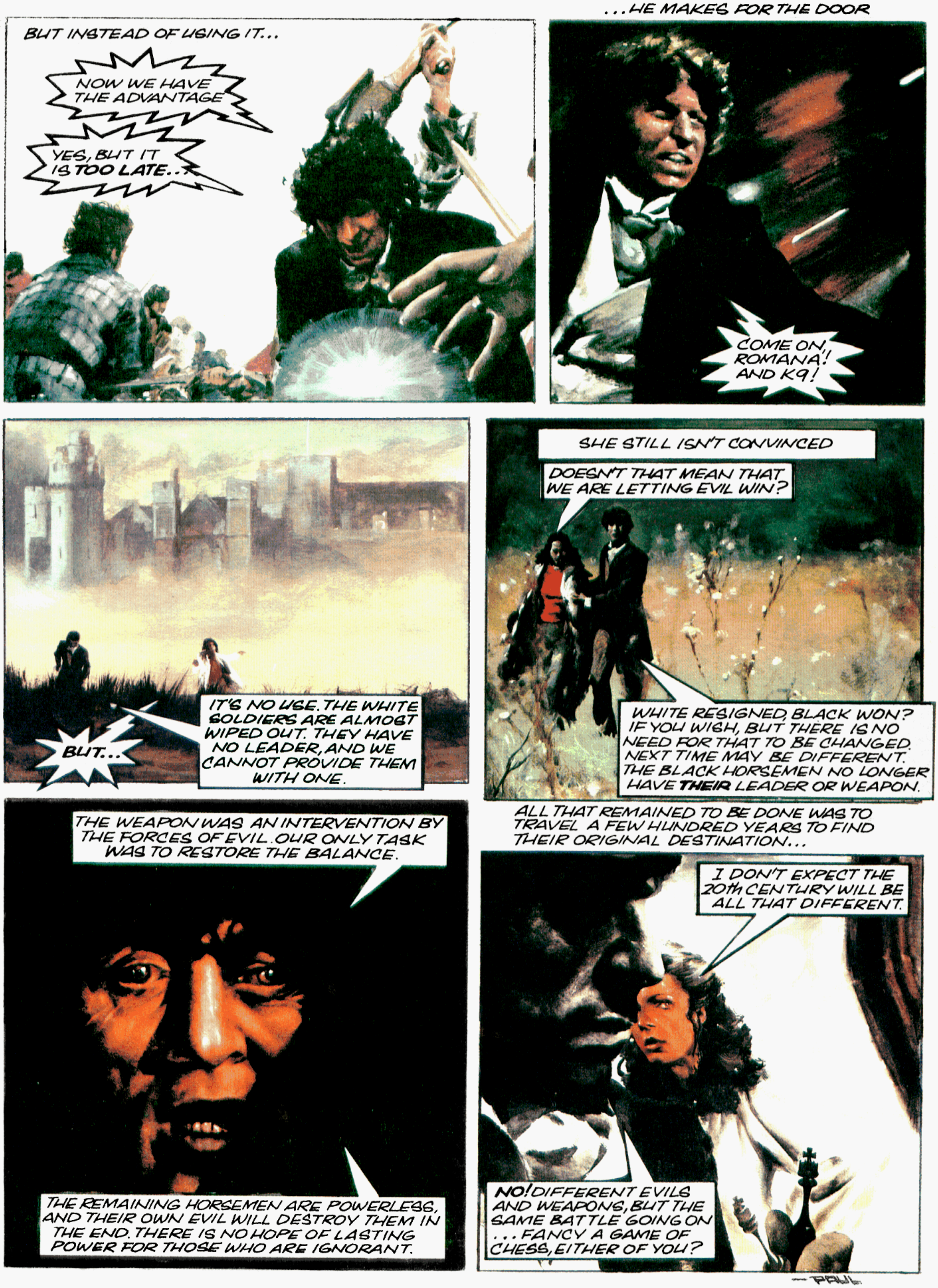
A CONFRONTATION IS INEVITABLE...


FIGHT TO THE DEATH...

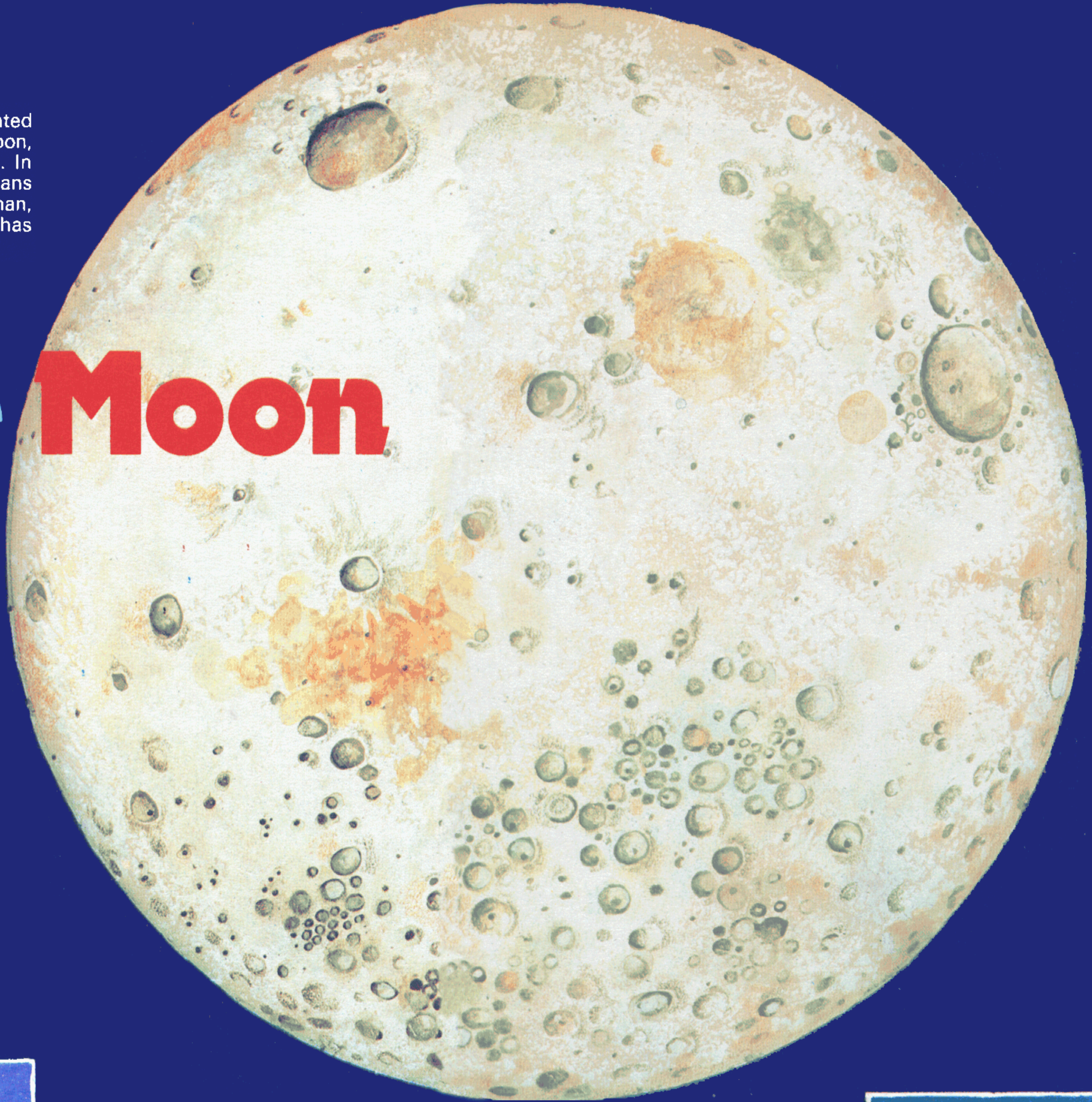

...AND AGAINST **THE WEAPON**, THE WHITE HORSEMEN SEEM TO STAND LITTLE CHANCE OF SURVIVAL . . .
. . . ESPECIALLY WHEN THE WHITE KNIGHT IS KILLED
WE HAVE THEM NOW! TAKE THE OTHERS ALIVE! INCLUDING THE GIRL...
MEANWHILE THE DOCTOR HAS CHANCED UPON A CASTLE...
SEEMS IN VERY GOOD CONDITION. A NATIONAL TRUST RESTORATION JOB, I EXPECT. CAN'T SAY I RECOGNISE IT...
...AND DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE. AS HE STILL THINKS IT IS THE 20th CENTURY, HE IS NOT EXPECTING THE ENTRANCE TO BE GUARDED...
PERHAPS I'LL FIND SOME IDENTIFYING MARK IN HERE— EVEN A CASTLE ATTENDANT OR A GUIDED TOUR?
THE DOCTOR IS SURPRISED TO SEE A MEDIEVAL SOLDIER THREATENING HIM WITH A LANCE.
WHO ARE YOU? **WHERE** AM I? INDEED, **WHEN AM I?**
QUIET! YOU ARE THE ONE WHO WILL ANSWER THE QUESTIONS!


INSIDE THE KING'S CHAMBER, THE DOCTOR IS SOON BEING QUESTIONED...
WHO HAS SENT YOU HERE? ARE YOU AN AGENT OF BLACK? IS **THE WEAPON** NOT ENOUGH OF AN ADVANTAGE?
ER... I BEG YOUR... ER, ROYAL... PARDON. I AM NO ONE'S AGENT. I AM A TIME TRAVELLER.
...AND HIS ANSWERS ARE NOT PLEASING THE KING.
A TIME TRAVELLER?
...WHAT **RUBBISH** IS THIS?
I DIDN'T REALLY EXPECT YOU TO UNDERSTAND, BUT WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A WEAPON...?
THE KING'S ANGER IS AVERTED WHEN A GUARD RUSHES IN, SHOUTING AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE.
YOUR MAJESTY, YOUR MAJESTY! THE WHITE KNIGHT HAS BEEN KILLED BY THE BLACK HORSEMEN. THE ONES WHO ESCAPED ARE RETURNING WITH A GIRL AND A STRANGE METAL CREATURE!
AH, THAT'LL BE ROMANA AND K9!
HE IS SOON FOLLOWED BY THE PARTY OF WHICH HE SPOKE...
DOCTOR! SO THIS IS WHERE YOU ARE! I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU TOO HAD FALLEN TO THE BLACK KNIGHT!
YOUR MAJESTY! THIS CREATURE HAS **THE WEAPON**. WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
IS THIS TRUE? ARE YOU ON OUR SIDE? DO YOU HAVE **THE WEAPON**?


ROMANA BEGINS TO THROW SOME LIGHT ON THINGS...
K9 OPENED FIRE ON THE BLACK HORSEMEN, AND THEY FLED. PERHAPS THEY ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE AND THE WEAPON WAS...
SHE IS INTERRUPTED BY A SUDDEN NOISE. ONE OF THE CASTLE WALLS HAS BEEN DESTROYED. **THE BLACK KNIGHT IS BACK...**
...AND HE STILL HAS **THE WEAPON**.
DOCTOR! MAKE YOUR CREATURE FIGHT! ONLY WITH **THE WEAPON** CAN WE BEAT THE EVIL ONES...
BLACK'S AIM IS DEADLY...
BUT SO IS K9'S
DOCTOR! QUICK! THE LASER!


BUT INSTEAD OF USING IT...
NOW WE HAVE THE ADVANTAGE
YES, BUT IT IS **TOO LATE**...
...HE MAKES FOR THE DOOR
COME ON, ROMANA! AND K9!
IT'S NO USE. THE WHITE SOLDIERS ARE ALMOST WIPED OUT. THEY HAVE NO LEADER, AND WE CANNOT PROVIDE THEM WITH ONE.
BUT...
SHE STILL ISN'T CONVINCED
DOESN'T THAT MEAN THAT WE ARE LETTING EVIL WIN?
WHITE RESIGNED, BLACK WON? IF YOU WISH, BUT THERE IS NO NEED FOR THAT TO BE CHANGED. NEXT TIME MAY BE DIFFERENT. THE BLACK HORSEMEN NO LONGER HAVE **THEIR** LEADER OR WEAPON.
THE WEAPON WAS AN INTERVENTION BY THE FORCES OF EVIL. OUR ONLY TASK WAS TO RESTORE THE BALANCE.
THE REMAINING HORSEMEN ARE POWERLESS, AND THEIR OWN EVIL WILL DESTROY THEM IN THE END. THERE IS NO HOPE OF LASTING POWER FOR THOSE WHO ARE IGNORANT.
ALL THAT REMAINED TO BE DONE WAS TO TRAVEL A FEW HUNDRED YEARS TO FIND THEIR ORIGINAL DESTINATION...
I DON'T EXPECT THE 20th CENTURY WILL BE ALL THAT DIFFERENT.
NO! DIFFERENT EVILS AND WEAPONS, BUT THE SAME BATTLE GOING ON ...FANCY A GAME OF CHESS, EITHER OF YOU?
PAUL

The Moon



From the beginnings of civilisation Man has always been fascinated by the moon and its movements. Ancient men thought that the moon, sun and stars were gods and goddesses who ruled the earth. In Babylon the moon god was Sinn, while for the Greeks and Romans the moon was female – in Greek mythology she was Selene, in Roman, Diana. Incidentally, the latin word for the moon was *luna*, which has become lunar in modern language and refers to the moon.

In the Near East, ancient civilisations like the Jews based their calendar on the movements of the moon. The first day of the month – originally a 'moonth' – began when the new moon first appeared in the sky, and each succeeding day began at sunset. Lunar calendars such as this are no longer used, as a lunar month is only 28 days long. However, we still celebrate the sabbath, which was originally a holiday to celebrate each phase of the moon, and we begin our school week on Monday, which was named after the moon (moon's day).

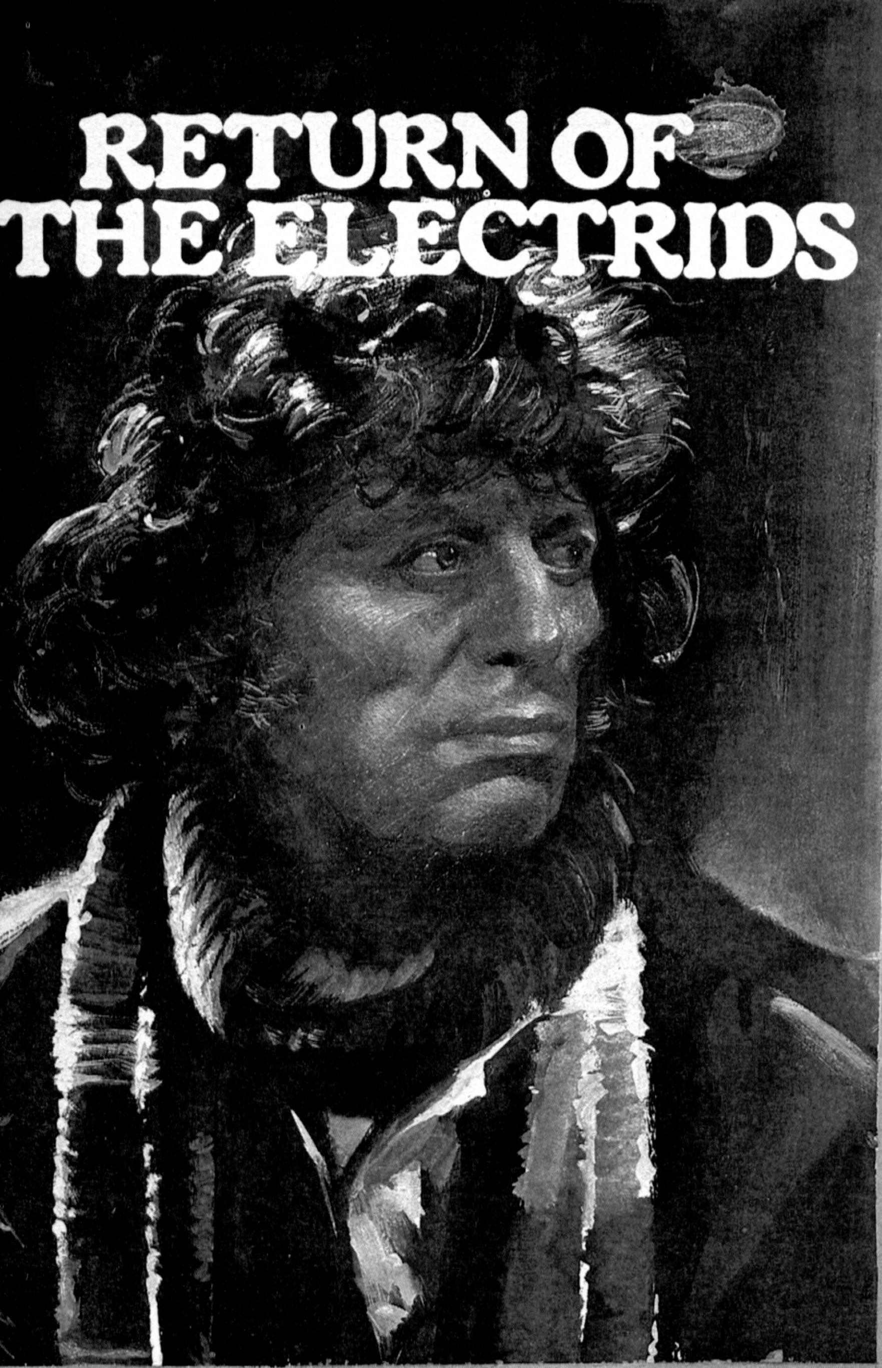
In almost every part of the world the moon was thought to have great powers, some good, some bad. From Roman times right up to the mid-nineteenth century it was thought that the moon's rays could affect a person's mind, sending them more and more insane as full moon approached. Hence the name lunatic.

You may not think that the moon and rabbits have much in common, but you'd be surprised! When the moon is setting, the dark and light patterns on it resemble the form of a rabbit. Thus the rabbit, or more precisely the rabbit's foot, became a good-luck charm, emphasising the moon's influence over the good in people's lives. Also, the rabbit appears at Easter in several Christian countries, Easter's date being determined by the moon.

It was thought that business deals and marriages had more chance of success if they were timed when the moon began to wax (grow bigger), and superstitious farmers planted their seeds so that the plants would grow with the moon. As the moon waned, so the growth of the plants would decline, so they were generally picked at this time. Even animals came under the influence of the moon, and it was said that the flesh of a beast killed when the moon was on the wane was more likely to shrink in cooking.

A new moon was felt to be particularly lucky, *unless* it was looked at through glass. Then all the good luck would be obstructed. The same was true of a new moon seen through the branches of a tree. However, it was said that if you showed your money to the new moon it would increase as the moon increased. Alternatively, you could turn over any silver coins in your pockets (silver is the traditional metal of the moon) and make a wish, or you could turn *yourself* round three or nine times before making a wish on the new moon.

RETURN OF THE ELECTRIDS



The Doctor and Romana were busy saying their farewells to Zeebon, the democratically elected leader of the Zedon race.

"We have enjoyed our visit," said Romana. "And all the various celebrations."

"We are going to celebrate every year now," said Zeebon, "the freedom of the planet Zed from the dreaded Electrids. We hope next time the highlight will again be a simulated Electric Storm, in memory of the storm which saved us. Perhaps you will be able to come?"

"Romana, remind me to make a note of that when we get back to the Tardis," said the Doctor. "Planet Zed, one light year from now."

"Got it."

"Good. Now we really must be on our way."

Back in the Tardis, the Doctor prepared everything for another trip through the vortex. It seemed to be taking a lot longer than usual.

"Romana – can you check these control settings?" he said. "There seems to be a failure in the dematerialisation process."

Romana quickly cast her eyes over the various switches and buttons on the control panel, pausing briefly to check the circuits as well.

"Seems fine to me," she said.

"That's what I thought. Where's K9?"

"Here, Master."

"Well?"

"Demat rendered ineffective by force field, band 1.48 metres wide, at distance of 0.03 metres. Strength 312 megadynes."

The Doctor opened the Tardis door, and extended one finger only, in a slow cautious movement, as if testing the temperature of his bathwater.

His finger met the force field about one inch out.

"Mmm, your data seems about right, K9. Can you overcome the field?"

"Affirmative. Require your help. Extra weight of Master and Mistress combined will provide necessary 13.9 kilograms."

Romana looked at the Doctor. "You must be putting on weight," she teased. "Almost half a stone, if my calculations are correct."

"Well, this should help get it off. Come on, push!"

They sweated and grunted with the exertion and, just as it seemed hopeless, they broke through the field and fell in a heap on the ground.

"Right!" said the Doctor, picking himself up. "Now let's try again."

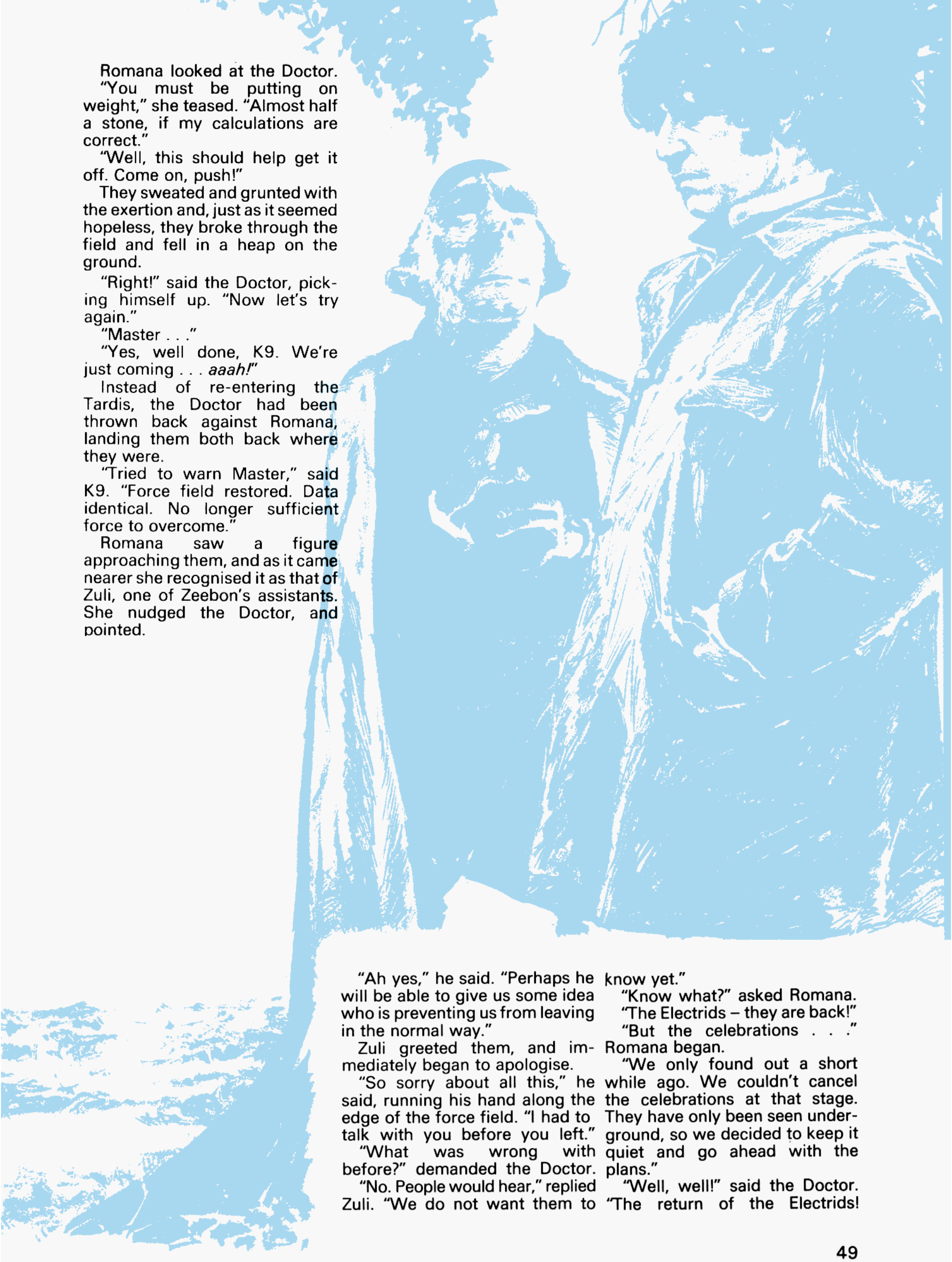
"Master . . ."

"Yes, well done, K9. We're just coming . . . *aaah!*"

Instead of re-entering the Tardis, the Doctor had been thrown back against Romana, landing them both back where they were.

"Tried to warn Master," said K9. "Force field restored. Data identical. No longer sufficient force to overcome."

Romana saw a figure approaching them, and as it came nearer she recognised it as that of Zuli, one of Zeebon's assistants. She nudged the Doctor, and pointed.



"Ah yes," he said. "Perhaps he will be able to give us some idea who is preventing us from leaving in the normal way."

Zuli greeted them, and immediately began to apologise.

"So sorry about all this," he said, running his hand along the edge of the force field. "I had to talk with you before you left."

"What was wrong with before?" demanded the Doctor.

"No. People would hear," replied Zuli. "We do not want them to know yet."

"Know what?" asked Romana.

"The Electrids – they are back!"

"But the celebrations . . ." Romana began.

"We only found out a short while ago. We couldn't cancel the celebrations at that stage. They have only been seen underground, so we decided to keep it quiet and go ahead with the plans."

"Well, well!" said the Doctor. "The return of the Electrids!

Have you the slightest idea how it might have happened?"

"No, none at all," replied Zuli. "We are naturally shocked, upset and a little frightened. We hoped you could help."

The Doctor and Romana looked at each other, without saying a word. Then the Doctor turned to the Zedon.

"Well?" asked Zuli.

"Alright. But have that force field removed at once. We're not going off in search of those worms without K9. Are we, Romana?"

"We certainly are not!" replied his assistant. And the way she said it carried more than a hint of the sort of creatures they were up against in the shape of the Electrids.

"I'll take you to the place they were seen," said Zuli. "But from there in, you're on your own."

He led them in a wide circle, skirting the scene of the celebrations. They met no one, and no one saw them enter the glass dome which covered the entrance to the underground laboratories.

They took the left-hand passage at the first fork, and then the right-hand one at the next. It was all brightly lit, and all the doors they passed had numbers.

As they reached room 7, the passage widened and led into a small, oval-shaped room, which at first glance appeared to be the end of the road, as far as this passage was concerned.

"This is as far as I go," said the Zedon. "But you'll find a small passage leading off the far end of here. It only goes about half a mile, then suddenly comes to a dead end."

"And where exactly were the Electrids last seen?" asked Romana.

"Zim saw them in this storeroom, as he was leaving 7. He didn't wait to see where they went, but they've not been seen again any further out, so maybe they've burrowed underground again."

"Well, you wait here," said the Doctor. "But if we're not out in an hour come in after us – with help, if you can find it."

It didn't take them long to cover the half mile. There were no turnings and it sloped slightly downhill. There wasn't so much light in this part, but there was enough to see the Electrids if they were there.

They weren't. But there wasn't any sign of burrowing either, not even at the very end.

"Mmm, not much to go on at all," said the Doctor. "Any useful data, K9?"

K9 examined the rock on each of the three faces, with extended probe, rotating radar detectors, and much humming and whirring.

"Solid rock, Master. All three cases. No sign of major interference with rock structure."

"Perhaps they went up or down?" suggested Romana.

K9 began to hum and whirr again.

"Upwards. Rock extends 99 metres . . ."

"The surface," said the Doctor. "And down?"

"Rock extends 2.5 metres. Life forms immediately beyond."

"Looks like we've found them, Romana."

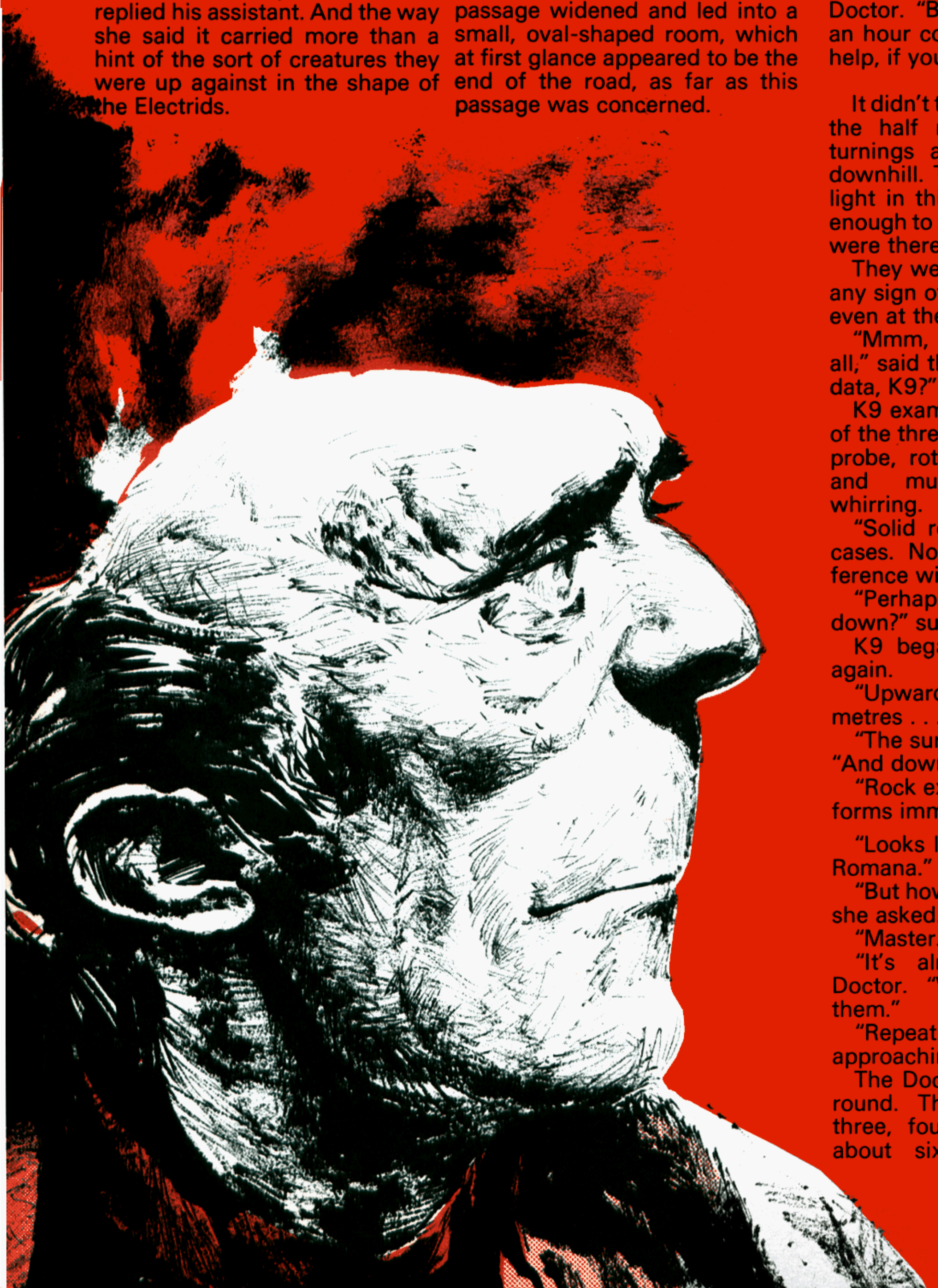
"But how do we get them out?" she asked.

"Master. Behind . . ." K9 began.

"It's alright, K9," said the Doctor. "We've already found them."

"Repeat. Behind. Life-forms approaching . . ."

The Doctor and Romana spun round. There were one, two, three, four giant worms, each about six foot long, pulling



themselves along the ground, green scaly section by green scaly section.

"Why didn't Zuli warn us?" said Romana.

The Doctor looked at her with a wry expression. "He probably didn't get the chance," he said grimly. "They're absolutely deadly. The whole of one side is like a huge electrified panel, and the shock can kill you instantaneously."

"My hair's beginning to stand on end already. What are we going to do?"

"Hope and pray that the earth opens and swallows us up," said the Doctor, as they retreated from the Electrids. The nearest one was only about one worm's length away now – in a couple of movements it would be there.

It came on and on until Romana was pinned against the cold rock, a huge pair of bulging eyes coming right up into her face. She tried to pull out of the way, but the Electrid caught her with its swaying head and pulled her to the floor.

As she fell, she thought how lucky she was. The panel must have missed her by inches. She said another little prayer, and shut her eyes. She seemed to keep falling and falling and falling.

At last she hit the ground with a bump. Opening her eyes, she saw the Doctor in mid-air, and above and to one side, K9, a crackling noise in place of the normal hum.

Thud! Thud! They both landed heavily, K9 now also with flashing lights. Obviously he'd not been so lucky as to avoid contact with the Electrid panels, but what would have been fatal to the others had merely caused a short-circuit, which already was being righted by K9's Recovery Unit.

By now, Romana had realised that they had fallen through a secret trap-door situated in the ceiling of the room they were now in – a laboratory with the usual array of equipment, machinery and control panels.

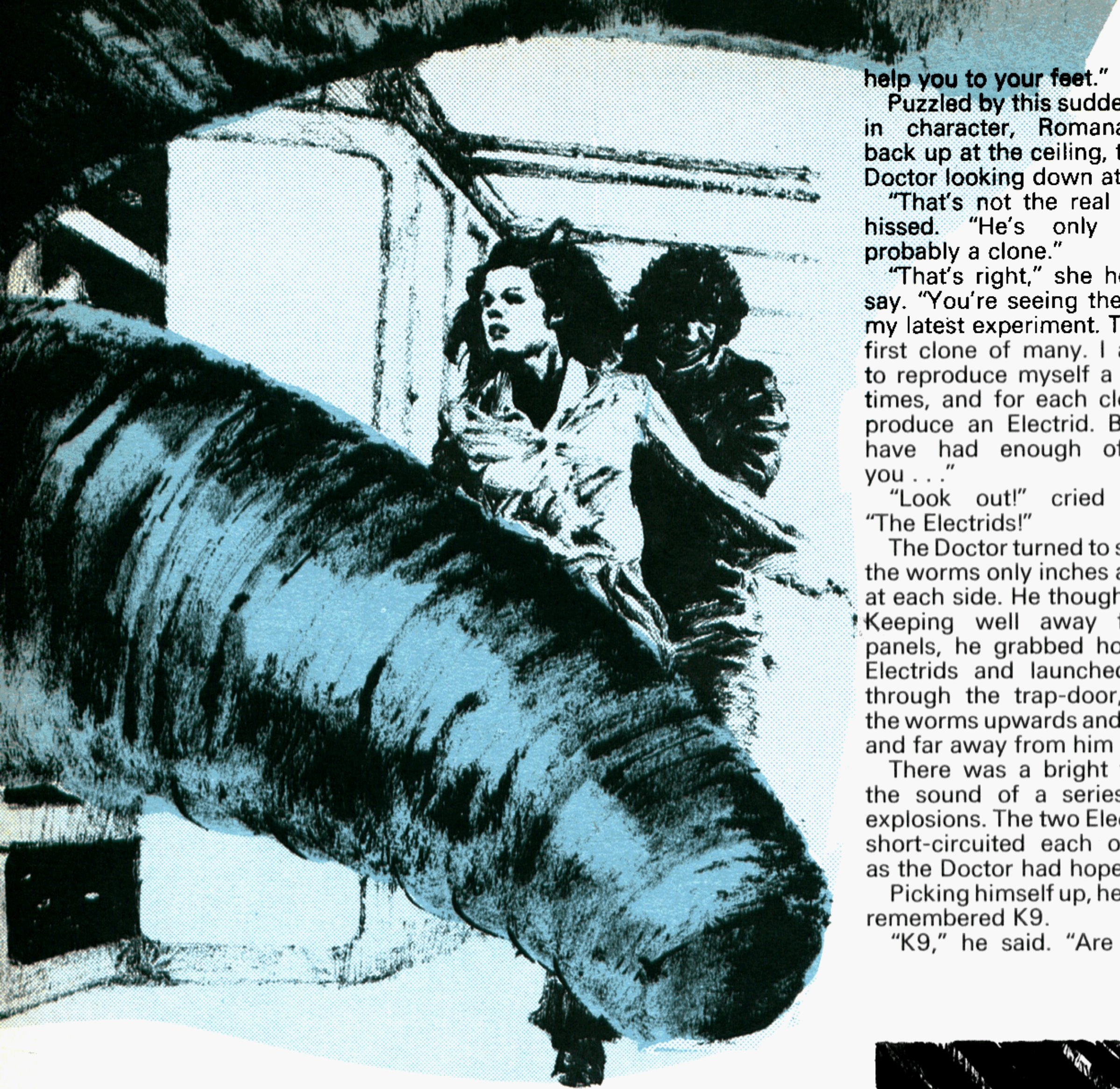
A figure at one of these controls swivelled round in his seat. Romana recognised him as Zaniel, the one the Zedons referred to as Zani. A brilliant scientist, but otherwise immature and a little unhinged, he did not relate well to the other Zedons. He was a loner, a mercurial misfit, full of suspect schemes. There seemed to be no idea of morality, or of responsibility. He just did not seem to understand anything outside of his own concepts, or to be interested in anything but his own experiments.

Romana followed his gaze up to the trap-door, to see the first of the Electrids pulling itself through the hole.

She looked at Zani in horror. "Quick!" she said. "The trap-door. Can't you shut it? Those worms are dangerous . . ."

"They are under my control," replied Zani, almost proudly. "They are my little pets."

"Pets? Trust you not to be



happy with a Zobo like the rest," said the Doctor, who had been trying to coax K9 back to life.

"I don't *like* Zobos," said Zani, petulantly. "They're so commonplace, and so tame. Anyway, I've nurtured the Electrids back into existence by my own fertilisation process, after taking the eggs from the Electrids killed by the storm. It's been a long time, but now they're fully grown and they're mine, all mine!

"I control them with this machine, through little circuits I implanted before they were able to electrocute. They are very obedient creatures, my little worms."

"But what happens if the machinery breaks down, or merely malfunctions?" asked Romana. "It seems a big risk to me."

"My machinery never breaks down," said Zani, angrily. "Teach them a lesson, my pets!"

And as he manipulated the controls, the implanted circuits directed the Electrids towards Romana and the Doctor, forcing them into yet another dead-end.

Zani laughed. "Isn't this fun, my little worms? A little closer – a little closer. Right, now!"

Romana guessed this really was the end. She saw Zani press a button to his left, and – *thud!* – it was as if she had gone back in time. There she was, back on the floor, gazing up at another open trap-door, except this time she wasn't followed by the Doctor or K9.

She looked round to see Zani approaching.

"Dear, dear," he was saying, "that was a nasty fall. Let me help you to your feet."

Puzzled by this sudden change in character, Romana looked back up at the ceiling, to see the Doctor looking down at her.

"That's not the real Zani," he hissed. "He's only a copy, probably a clone."

"That's right," she heard Zani say. "You're seeing the result of my latest experiment. That is the first clone of many. I am going to reproduce myself a thousand times, and for each clone I will produce an Electrid. But now I have had enough of teasing you . . ."

"Look out!" cried Romana, "The Electrids!"

The Doctor turned to see two of the worms only inches away, one at each side. He thought quickly. Keeping well away from the panels, he grabbed hold of the Electrids and launched himself through the trap-door, pushing the worms upwards and together, and far away from him as he fell.

There was a bright flash and the sound of a series of little explosions. The two Electrids had short-circuited each other, just as the Doctor had hoped.

Picking himself up, he suddenly remembered K9.

"K9," he said. "Are you fully operational?"

"Affirmative Master. Circuits repaired."

"Can you annul the power of the control machine?"

"Electrid short-circuit has affected control already, overriding implants. Will try to override completely."

The Doctor was about to question the clone, when the real Zani began to shout and scream. The worms had turned on their master, who was completely losing control.

"No, my pets, my little worms," he cried. "Don't turn against me! It was I who brought you back. I am the only one who cares for you. No, you can't, you mustn't, you . . . *aaagh . . . aaagh . . .*"

There was a corresponding look of horror on the clone's face, but he didn't cry out.

"Were you too late, K9?" asked the Doctor.

"Too late for Zani. Over-riding power now achieved, establishing short-circuit and extermination. Took figures from records of the electrical storm, known fatal to Electrids."

"Well, that takes care of Zani and the Electrids, but what about the clone?" asked Romana.

"I have an idea," said the Doctor. "But it depends on the answers to one or two questions."

He turned to the clone.

"How would you fertilise an Electrid's egg?" he asked.

The clone looked completely blank.

"Interesting," remarked the Doctor. "Now for question number two: Do you consider the Electrids good or evil?"

"Evil. Killing is evil."

"And is Zani good or evil?"

"I am Zani. I am good. Zani is good."

The Doctor turned back to Romana. "See?" he said.

"I see," she replied. "There was a cloning error, giving a character reversal. This clone is mindless, but moral. It has a sense of responsibility, but no spark of life. It is dull, but harmless – good, but uninspired."

"Do you think you could work the cloning machine?"

"Do you mean what I think you mean, Doctor?"

He nodded, and went off to the first lab. Soon he was back, carrying Zani's body, which he attached to the input terminals. Romana had already instructed the clone to attach himself to the output terminals, and he had obeyed unquestioningly.

"Well, here goes!" said Romana, setting the machine. "Stand clear!"

As she threw the main lever, Zani seemed to come to life for a moment, and the space between the two bodies became highly charged, lighting up with a reddish glow. As Zani's body 'died' again, the clone gave a series of starts, as if going into an electric convulsion, and then lay still.

He opened his eyes. "Who is that?" he asked, pointing at Zani. "Is that my old body?"

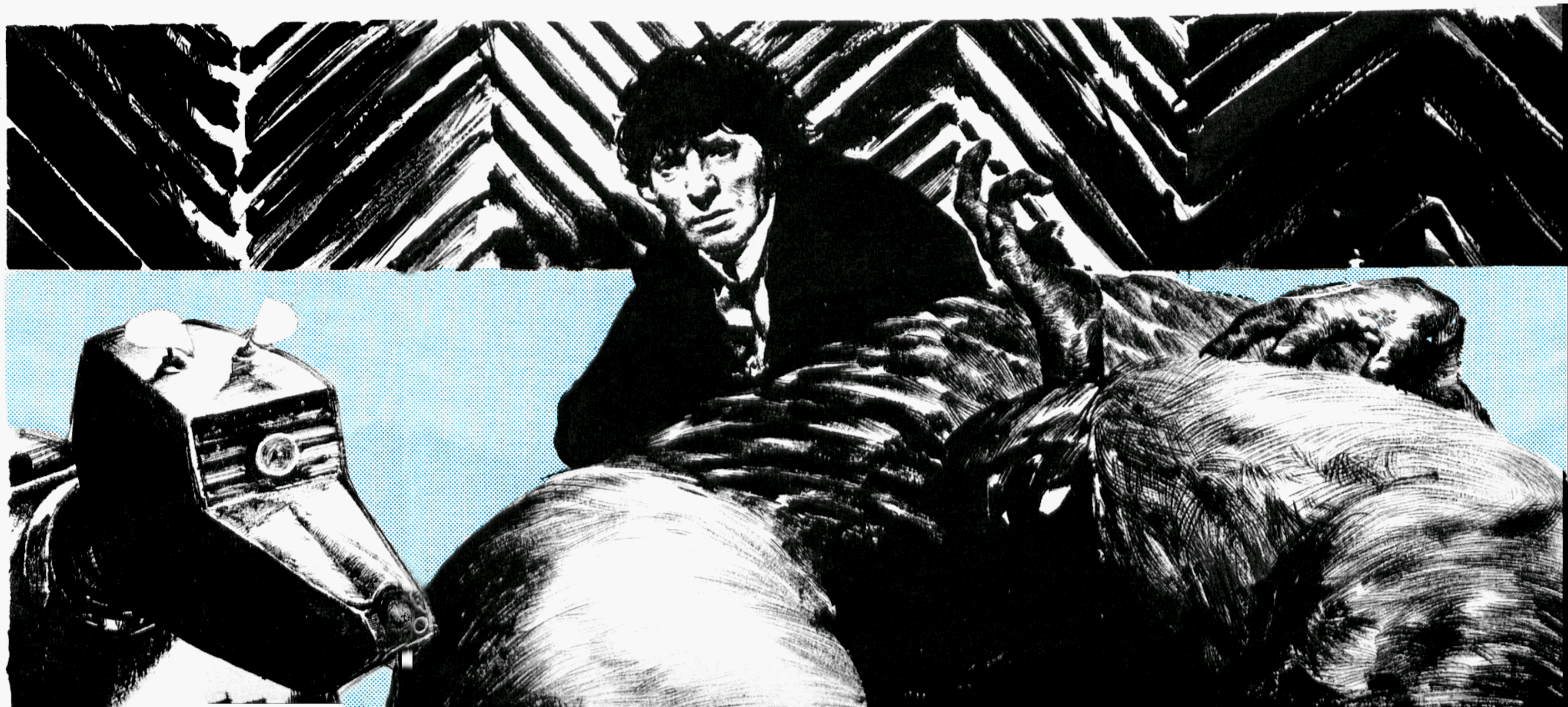
"That's right, Zani," said the Doctor. "It needed a few new parts, so we dumped it and got you this new model. You should be happy with it."

"Well, let's go and tell Zeebon that we're free of the Electrids," said Zani. "Come on!"

Back on the surface, the Doctor and Romana said hurried second farewells, and followed K9 back to the Tardis, leaving the celebrations behind.

Inside the Tardis, Romana reminded the Doctor to make a note of the next celebrations.

"Yes, we must come," he said, noting it down. "I just hope they don't invite the Electrids again, too!"



Which is the Smallest Planet?

There are always new discoveries being made in the territory of outer space, and every so often we have to adjust our picture of the solar system in which we are living.

The last of the nine planets to be added to our present conception of the universe was Pluto, which was only discovered as recently as 1930, and it is thought there may be others, as yet unknown, even further out in space.

Pluto – which has a rather eccentric orbit, at times taking it within the orbit of Neptune – is the most distant planet. Indeed no measurable disc can be seen from the Earth, and so the figures for its mass and dimension have very much been estimates, worked out from photographs, and in relation to other bodies.

At an estimated size of 3,700 miles (5900 km) in diameter, it has been thought that Pluto is the second smallest planet, somewhat larger than Mercury, with a diameter of 3,010 miles (4880 km).

But, in 1978, a distortion in the photographic image of Pluto (noticed as early as 1965 and thought to be merely a photographic defect) was identified as a probable moon of the planet.

Named Charon, after the boatman in Greek mythology who ferried souls to Hades across the River Styx, this moon lies too close to Pluto to be seen clearly as a separate body from the Earth, but it is estimated to be orbiting Pluto every 6 days 9 hours, and at a distance of 20,000 km from the planet.

These new figures have been used as orbital parameters in order to gain new estimates for the dimensions of Pluto, and the new diameter of about 2500 km makes it the smallest planet, quite a lot smaller than Mercury. Indeed this makes it smaller even than our Moon (diameter 3476 km) and six other moons out of the previously known 34 in our solar system.

Estimating that Charon, which appears as ten times – or between two and three magnitudes – fainter than Pluto, might be about 800 km wide, this would mean that our own Moon would no longer be the largest moon in proportion to its planet, as was thought.

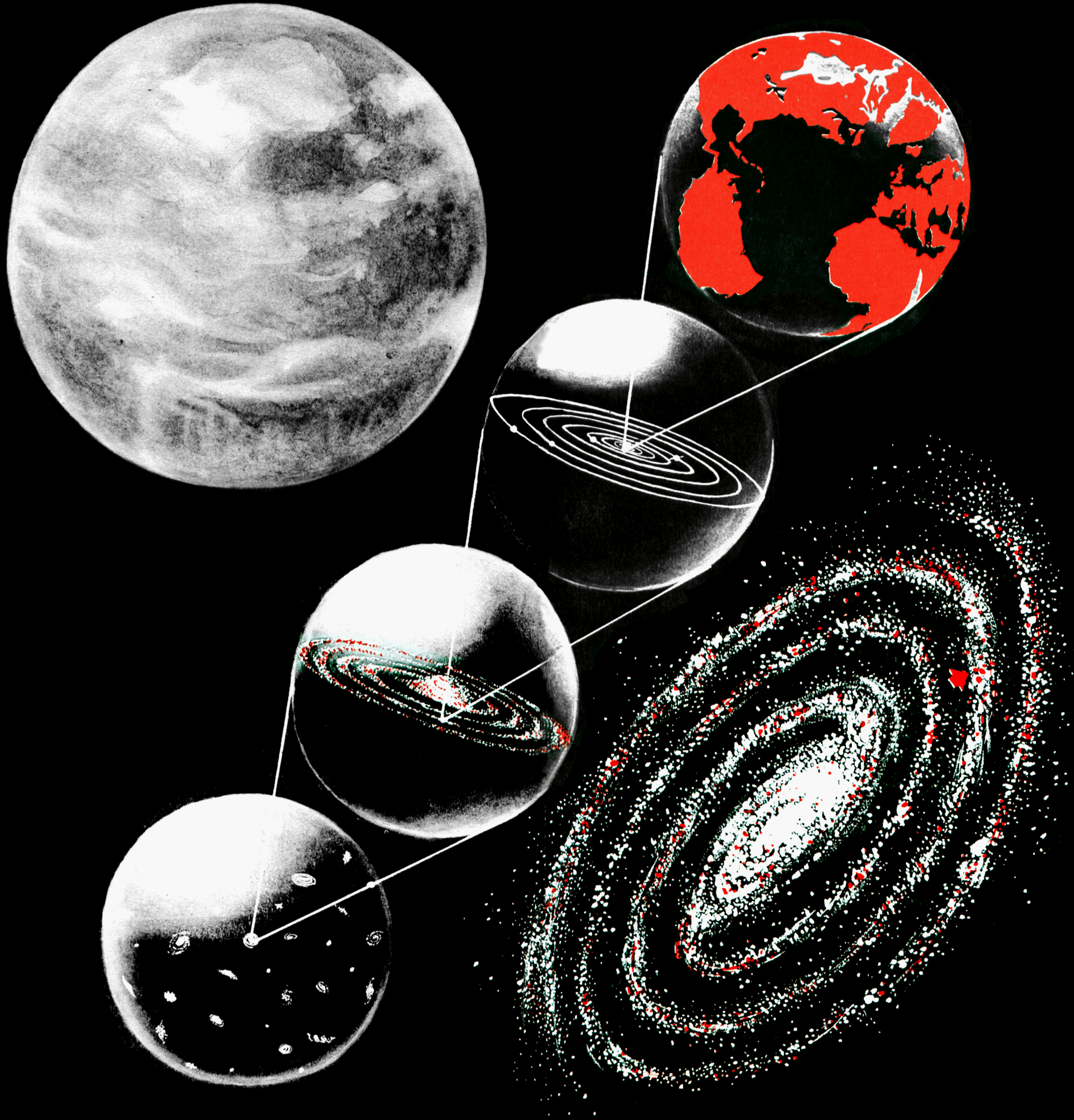
Another possible moon was discovered in 1978, taking the total to 36. This appeared to be the moon of Herculina, and as such the first moon of an asteroid, or minor planet. This theory was based on the fact that a star in the constellation *Virgo* disappeared *twice* when Herculina passed in front, corresponding to a smaller body in slow orbit around a larger one.

The position is complicated by the continually changing picture of the universe. It is known that the whole universe is expanding, with other galaxies receding from ours; that in our own galaxy new stars are being born while others, known as supernovae, explode and scatter their contents into space, and that the relative position of the planets, moons and stars is never the same.

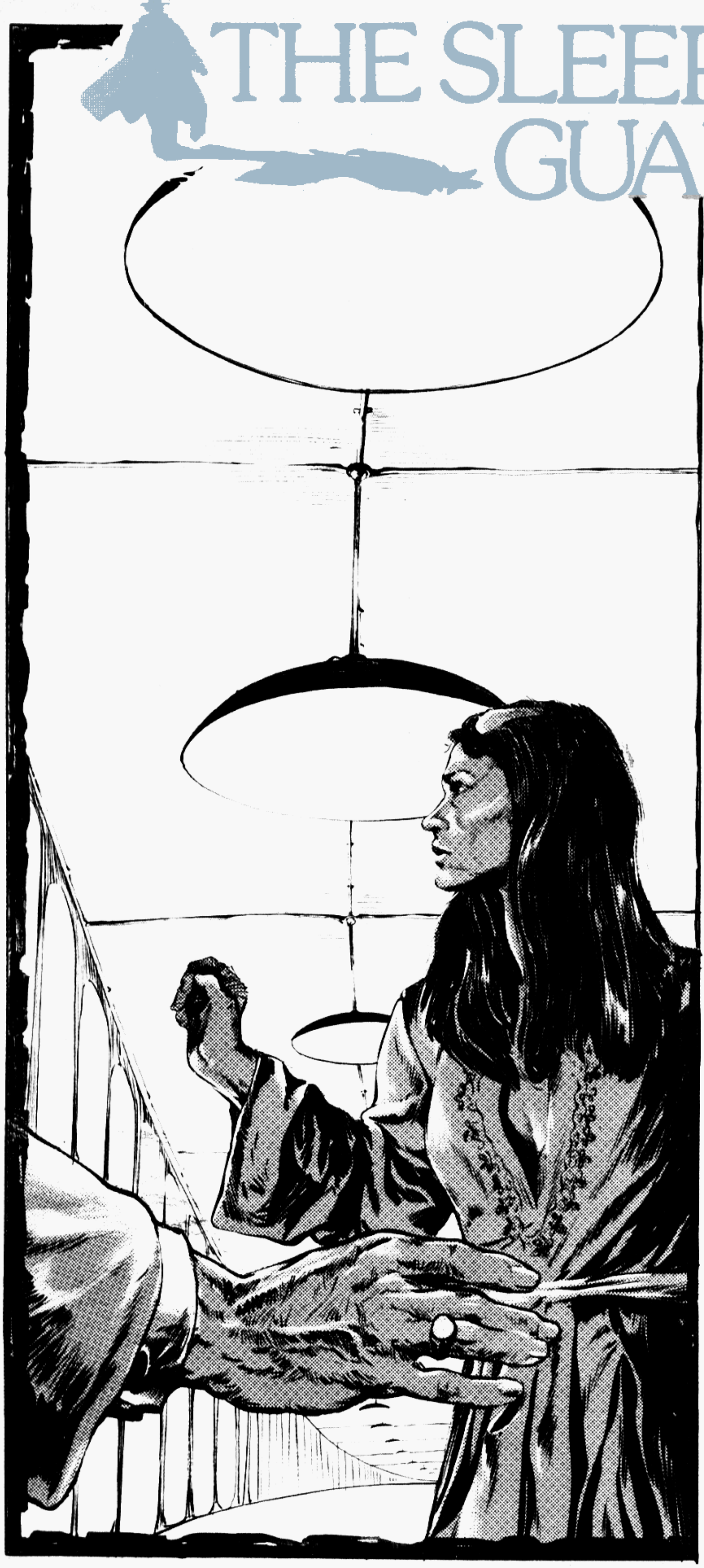
It is hardly surprising, therefore, that there is always something new to be learnt. It is thought that Pluto was once itself a moon of Neptune. We may never know whether that is true, but there are plenty of other questions which may yet be answered . . . .

Why does Pluto have such an irregular path? Are there any more moons or planets to be discovered within the reach of the Earth? And which really is the smallest planet in our solar system?

Until the whole of our system has been mapped out, down to the pulsar resulting from the most recent exploding star, can we ever really be sure?



THE SLEEPING GUARDIANS



"Think of a number," said the Doctor.

Romana looked up in surprise. "Pardon?"

"I said, think of a number."

"Twenty nine," said the young Time Lord, and she returned to her book.

"Now you, K9," said the Doctor. "Pick a random number from one to ten."

"Yes, master." The little canine robot was still for a moment as his circuits hummed. "Seven."

"Right, now it's my turn. I think I'll count my jelly babies." Before a bemused Romana, he emptied the crumpled paper bag onto the Tardis console, and counted the multi-coloured sweets. "Eight, nine, ten . . . minus one for me . . . that's nine." He popped a jelly baby in his mouth and scooped the rest back into the bag.

Romana gave an exasperated sigh. "Would you mind telling me what in the universe you are doing!" she exclaimed. "Is it old age, or are you doing it to annoy me?"

The Doctor looked hurt. "Neither, oh sweet-tongued youth. I am simply deciding where to go next, and by a democratic decision the next co-ordinates are twenty-nine seven nine." He grinned as Romana's mouth dropped in disbelief. "I thought it might be fun – a sort of magical mystery tour," he said.

An hour later, the Tardis materialised, and the travellers surveyed the scanner screen. "It *looks* okay," said Romana, cautiously.

"And the atmosphere is breathable," said the Doctor. "Let's go and see, shall we?"

They stepped out into a vast chamber, its high domed roof curving over sterile steel walls. Massive doors filled the far wall, and the rest were lined with row upon row of oblong glass boxes.

"There must be thousands of them," breathed Romana.

"Yes, and look what's inside,"

said the Doctor, peering through the glass.

Romana took a closer look and gave a start. "Oh! It's a man!" She looked at the other boxes. They all contained the same fair-skinned, black-haired figures, clad in yellow uniforms and holding slim steel weapons. "Are they dead, do you suppose?"

"There doesn't appear to be any condensation on the inside of the glass, which means that they are not breathing; which means that, yes, technically they are dead. And yet there is no decomposition."

"Correction, master," said K9, who had also been investigating the glass coffins. "They were never alive. There is no evidence of any nervous system, circulatory system, or muscular tissue, and I therefore assume that these are robots. Deactivated, but as far as I can tell, still fully operational."

"He's a mine of information, isn't he?" grinned the Doctor, patting K9's head.

They estimated that there must be at least ten thousand robots stored in the great chamber, and at the end of the room they made another discovery. A huge arsenal of missiles and weapons. "Curiouser and curiouser," said the Doctor, fingering a tiny hand grenade.

Romana shuddered. "This place gives me the creeps," she said. "Let's get out of here."

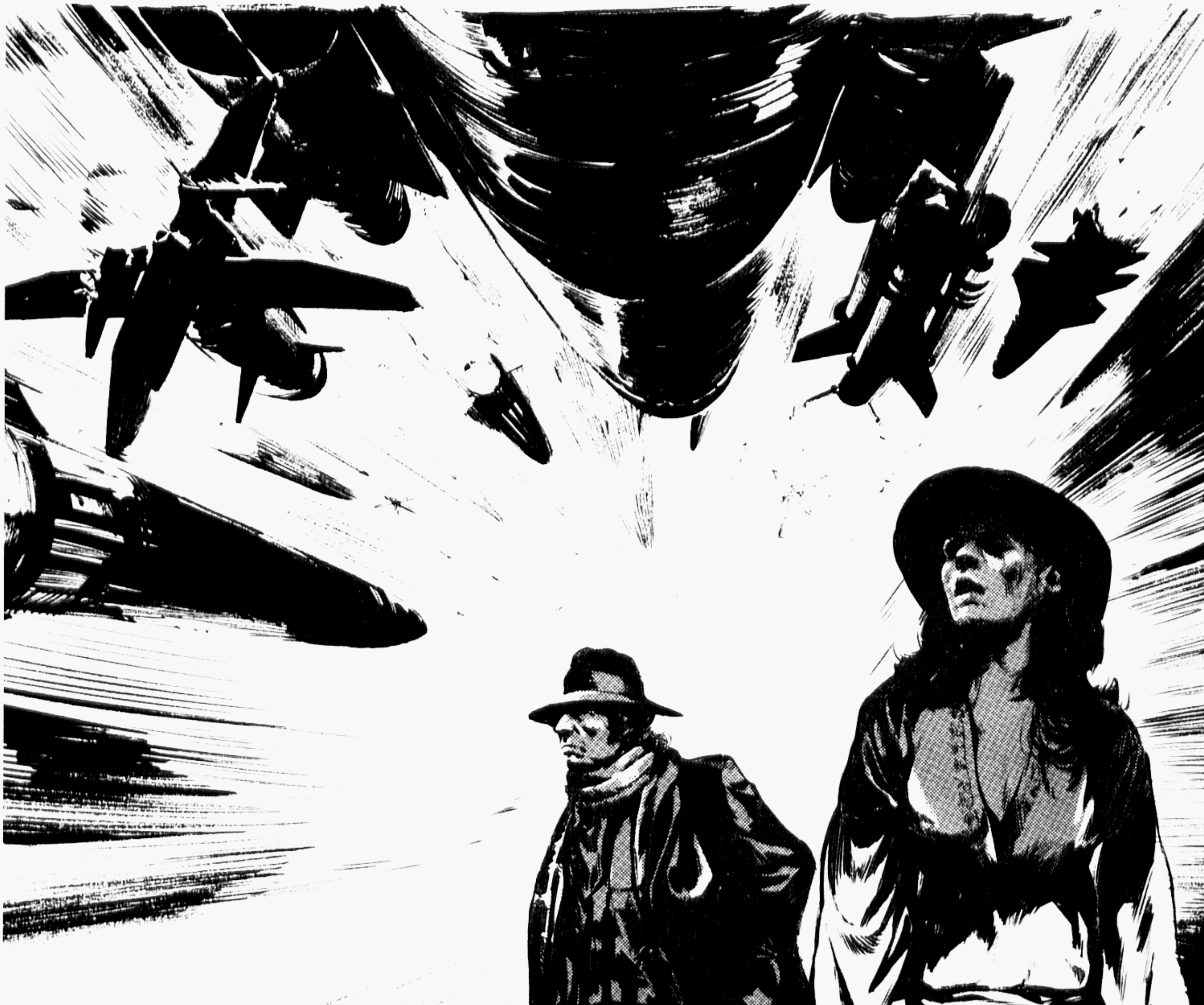
"That could be easier said than done," said her companion, searching the doors for an opening device. "We appear to be locked in."

But K9 had been sniffing around, and he located a switch that activated a small door to one side of the main doors. They climbed through, and found themselves in what looked like some kind of shrine. It was empty, but candles burned on the altar, and there was a faint, perfumed smell pervading the atmosphere.

The Doctor could see that the huge doors formed the main wall of this building, which seemed to be of a very different design, and he was puzzled by the contrast between the gleaming steel and glass they had just left, and the rough stone and wood of this chapel.

"It's almost as if they were built by two different cultures," he said to himself, then to Romana, "Let's take a look outside."

They emerged in bright sunshine, and Romana looked round appreciatively. A wide, straight avenue stretched away from them, lined with trees and stone buildings, and to each side smaller roads radiated out, like



spokes in a wheel. Bright flowers grew in profusion, and birds chattered in the trees.

Suddenly the peaceful scene was shattered by a wailing siren which brought the inhabitants rushing out into the streets. They ran in all directions, like ants when their nest is disturbed, then seemed to collect themselves as they ran towards the chapel. Romana and the Doctor stepped back as the people poured through the doors.

"What can it all mean?" asked Romana.

Seconds later she got her answer. As the siren wailed on, another sound filled the air. Dozens of small black rocket-ships swooped over the horizon and as they passed over the town they let their deadly cargo fall. As the bombs exploded, the rockets directed white-hot beams which incinerated everything they touched, and soon the whole town was ablaze.

"Quickly! Inside!" The Doctor pushed Romana through the chapel door and urged K9 to follow. Once inside, he blinked, unable to believe his eyes. The chapel was empty! Then he noticed a trapdoor in front of the altar, and realised that the townspeople must be sheltering underground.

A bomb exploded at the chapel door, sending wood and stone crashing inwards, and a flash of white heat set fire to the debris. The Doctor struggled to lift the heavy trapdoor, his eyes streaming from the smoke and fumes, and at last he managed to open it. The flames were spreading quickly, so he scooped K9 up in his arms and hurried down the stone steps after Romana.

When he reached the bottom he released the little dog and ran back up the steps to close the trapdoor.

"Not bad, for a man of your age," commented Romana, as he sat on the steps to get his breath back.

"Have a jelly baby – it will keep you quiet," said the Doctor.

They were in a narrow tunnel, and following it along they came to the cellars where the townspeople were sheltering, huddled together in the cramped space.

An old man dressed in yellow robes stepped forward, his arms outstretched. "Welcome, my children," he said gently. "I regret that we cannot offer strangers such as yourselves better hospitality. I am Tallis, the Keeper of the Ten Thousand."

The Doctor introduced himself and his companions, then asked the old man what was happening.

Tallis shook his head sadly. "We are under attack from the evil forces from the dark side of this planet, and as we are a peaceful community, we have no weapons, and no knowledge of war. We cannot fight back."

"Surely you must have some means of defence," said the Doctor, thinking of the thousands of robots and weapons in the chamber above their heads.

"Yes, indeed," agreed the old man, "but unfortunately we cannot use it. Let me explain . . ."

He went on to tell how, many hundreds of years before, the people of Valeria had been a sophisticated but very warlike people, who had embarked on a war so destructive that the entire planet was devastated. The people who were left decided that there should be no more war, that from now on they would live simple, peaceful lives. However, as a safeguard, they put ten thousand warriors into a special building, and appointed a guardian who saw to it that they were not released except in times of great trouble. This guardian was given a special key that would open the great doors.

Over the centuries the real function of the key was forgotten and it became little more than a relic of the past, until, a few years before Tallis's appointment, it was lost during the rebuilding of the chapel.

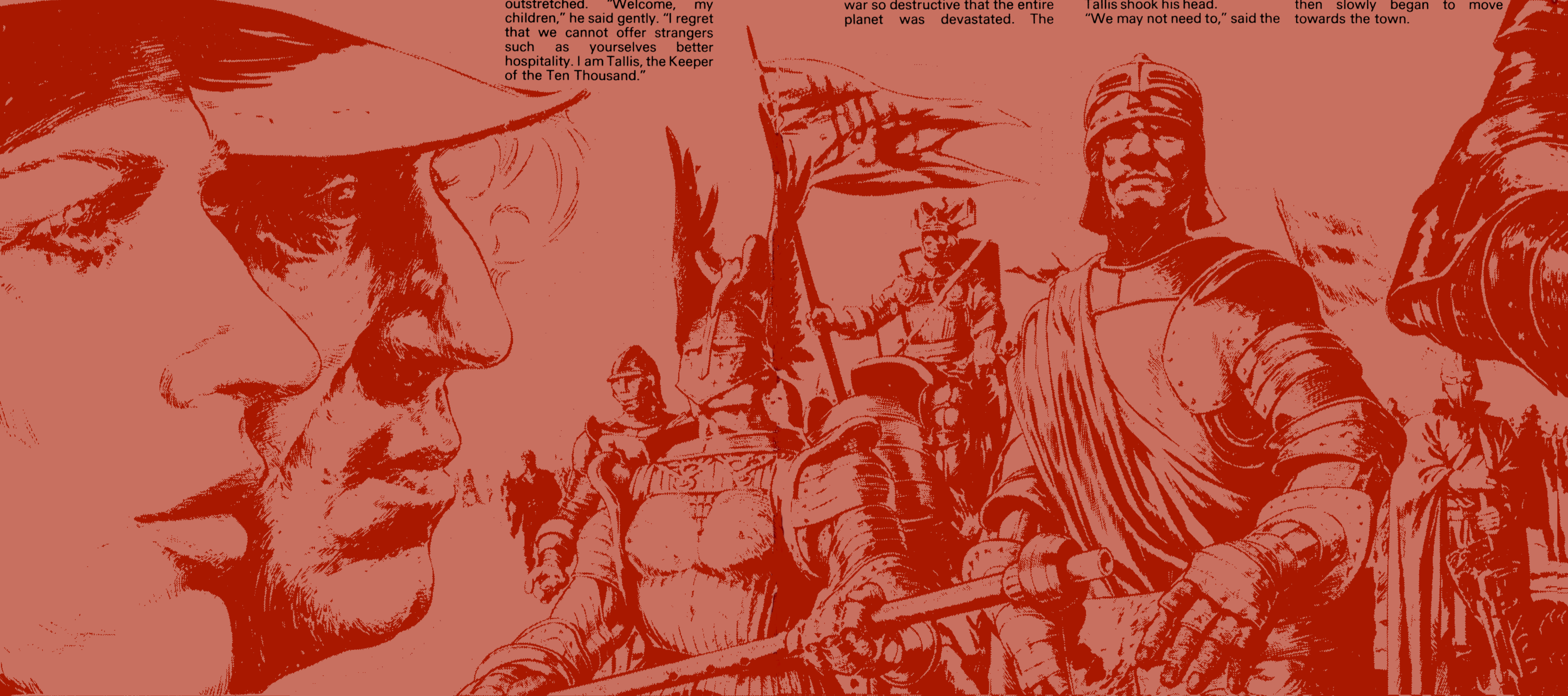
"And now, just when you need it most, you can't find it," finished Romana. "Isn't there any other way to open the doors?"

Tallis shook his head.

"We may not need to," said the Doctor, who had been pressing his ear to the cellar wall. "The vibrations have stopped, which means that they are no longer bombing. Perhaps the attack is over – I'll go and see."

He returned a few minutes later with the news that the invaders had gone. A cheer resounded through the cellars, and the people began to make their way back to the surface and what was left of their homes.

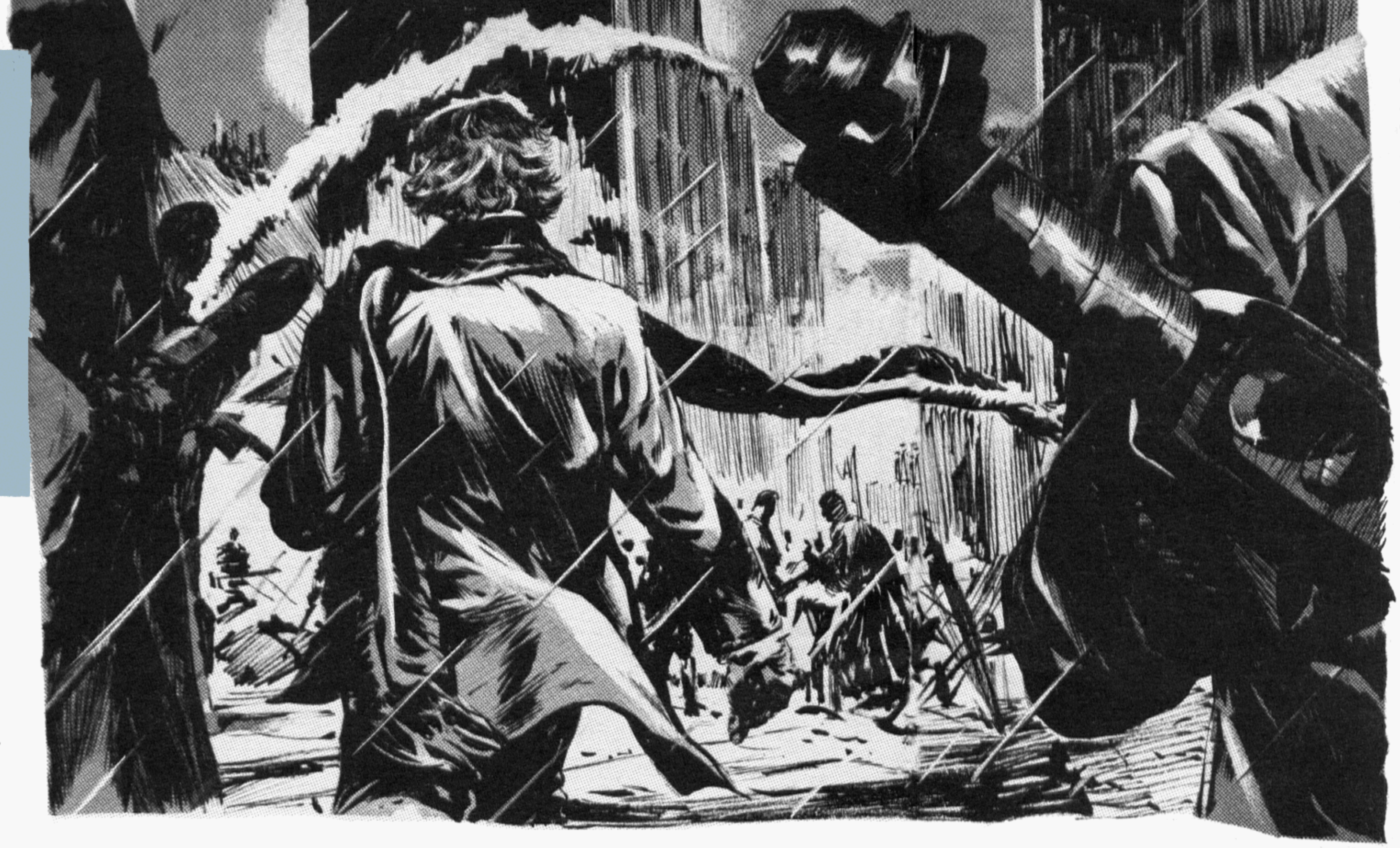
But the Doctor was wrong. The invaders from the dark side of the planet had not gone; they were simply regrouping for the final attack, and this time they were bringing in their land forces. As the people of Valeria searched the smouldering wreckage for survivors, a row of huge dark shapes appeared on the horizon, then slowly began to move towards the town.



ANSWERS
Space-Word Puzzle

ACROSS
1. Retro-rocket; 7. Gallifrey; 8. Eye; 10. Hole; 11. Ransack; 14. PTO; 15. Ice; 17. Air; 19. Flesh; 20. Screwdriver.

DOWN
2. Era; 3. Rilles; 4. Reflects; 5. Key to Time; 6. Three; 7. Guardians; 9. Yap; 12. Nearer; 13. KO; 16. Ether; 18. How!; 19. Far.



It was Romana who saw them first. "Look!" she cried.

The forces of the invaders rode massive, lumbering beasts covered from head to tail with thick plates of armour. Their red eyes glinted cruelly, and saliva dripped from the black slits that were their mouths. Each warrior carried a large shield over one arm, and a deadly laser gun in the other. This time they would make sure that there were no survivors.

Once again Tallis set the siren wailing, and once again the panic-stricken citizens ran for shelter, clutching their children to them in their vain effort to escape from the marching hordes.

"If only we knew how to activate those robots!" said Romana. "These poor people have no chance without them!"

"Neither have we," said the Doctor, his face unusually grim.

"Correction, master," said K9, "our chance of survival is approximately 0.00014."

The Doctor didn't trust himself to reply. His mind was racing, but he knew that there was really only one course of action. The ground was beginning to tremble as the invasion forces approached, and reluctantly he made his decision.

"Back to the Tardis, quickly!" he snapped, worry making him short-tempered. He didn't like to leave these people at such a time, but what could he do?

They clambered over the remains of the chapel and searched for the small door, pulling aside wood and rubble. Amazingly, the building that housed the robots was still standing, and there was barely a scratch on the main doors.

"Here is the door," called Romana. "It seems to be blocked by this beam."

They tugged at the heavy wooden beam, but were unable to move it. "You may have to blast it away, K9," gasped the Doctor, looking ruefully at his torn, bloody hands.

But it was a blast from another direction that sent him crashing to the ground, dragging Romana with him. The searing ray missed them by inches, singeing the Doctor's hair and making his scarf smoulder. One of the invaders had spotted them, and was heading straight for them, his drooling, armour-plated beast making the ground shudder with every step.

The Doctor raised his head above the pile of rocks, but ducked immediately as another red-hot bolt slammed against the giant doors.

"I hate to admit it," he said, "but I have no answer to this particular problem. How about you? Surely a graduate like yourself must have some ideas!"

But Romana wasn't listening. "Look at K9!" she exclaimed. "What is he doing?"

The little dog was wandering round the chapel ruins, his head down, his tail in the air, oblivious to the chaos around him.

"This is no time to be digging for bones!" hissed the Doctor. "K9! Come here, there's a good boy!"

But K9 had found something, and it wasn't a bone. He picked it up and carried it to the Doctor, his tail wagging.

"What the . . .! K9, you're a marvel! I do believe you've found the key to the great doors!"

Keeping his head well down, the Doctor examined the curiously-shaped object. The long, slender shaft had been cut from crystal, and it tapered away from a silver handle set with a small dial.

"Hmm," he said, "I've seen something very similar to this in the vaults on the planet Zendor, and if I remember rightly . . ."

"It works on the sympathetic vibration principal," finished Romana. "The crystal in the key vibrates, setting up a sympathetic vibration in a crystal in the door. This in turn activates the door mechanism." She smiled at the Doctor. "I studied all kinds of ancient keys as part of my course. Shall I see if it works?"

"Be my guest," said the Doctor, handing her the key. "But be quick. That slobbering monster will be on top of us soon."

Romana set the dial on the silver handle and pointed the key at a smooth silver plate set in the door above her. For a few agonising seconds nothing happened, and then there was a click and the great doors swung slowly open.

"Eureka!" shouted the Doctor, and he gave Romana a quick hug.

They dashed into the vast chamber, but had to stand back against the wall as the first of the robots filed past. The key had brought them to life, and they marched past in threes, their weapons at the ready, their faces impassive. Behind the first column, a second group of robots brought the missiles and larger weapons. And so it went on, hundreds and hundreds of yellow-clad figures marching into battle as they were programmed to do, so many centuries before.

"Remarkable," said the Doctor.

They watched in silence as the robots went into action with all the ruthless precision given them by their Valerian masters. Soon the streets were littered with the grotesque bodies of the armoured monsters, and the air was filled with acrid smoke and dust.

At last, the few remaining invaders retreated. "Let's hope they've learnt their lesson," said the Doctor. "And now, I think, it's time we left."

"Doctor! Wait!" It was Tallis, hurrying towards them. He was dusty and bloodstained, but he seemed unhurt.

"I don't know how you did it, but you have saved Valeria and we can never thank you enough," he said, wringing the Doctor's hand. "And you too, of course," he added, turning to Romana.

K9 made a sound that, had it come from a human throat, would have been a cough.

"I think we should mention K9 too," grinned the Doctor. "After all, *he* was the one who found the key."

"Your thanks are unnecessary, master," said the little dog . . . but he wagged his tail just the same.

Romana gave the crystal key to Tallis, and showed him how to use it, should the need ever again arise. "I should make sure it's in a safe place, too," added the Doctor. "I've always found a key-ring very useful myself."

Tallis looked mystified, and Romana said hastily, "I'm sure Tallis will take care that the key is never lost again."

Meanwhile, the robots were busy clearing the streets of Valeria, hauling away the giant carcasses and putting out any fires that were still burning. They had not come through the battle without a few casualties themselves, and several yellow-clad bodies lay among the wreckage.

"It looks as if you'll have to change your title, Tallis," said the Doctor. "You're more like the Keeper of the Nine Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifty now. Still, I'll grant you that the original sounds better!"

JOURNEY THROUGH TIME

a game for any number of aspiring time travellers.

How would *you* like to be the Doctor's assistant for once? Well, here is your chance!

The Doctor is already on his way to Mars on yet another dangerous assignment. You must make your own way there. However, the Tardis will visit Earth three times – 1982, 1984 and 1986 – and if you are lucky you may meet up with the Doctor then and make your journey easier.

The rules are simple. Begin in 1980 at the word START and proceed by the throw of a dice, moving your counter in the direction of the arrow. You may only change direction when you land on another square with an arrow leading from it; you must then take the direction indicated by this arrow.

If you are heading for one edge of the board, you must obtain exactly the right number to reach the last square, before you can change direction and proceed *along* that edge. You cannot turn the corner during a turn, so if you throw too large a number, you must try again the following turn.

You must also follow any instructions on any square on which you land. There is no extra throw if you throw a six.

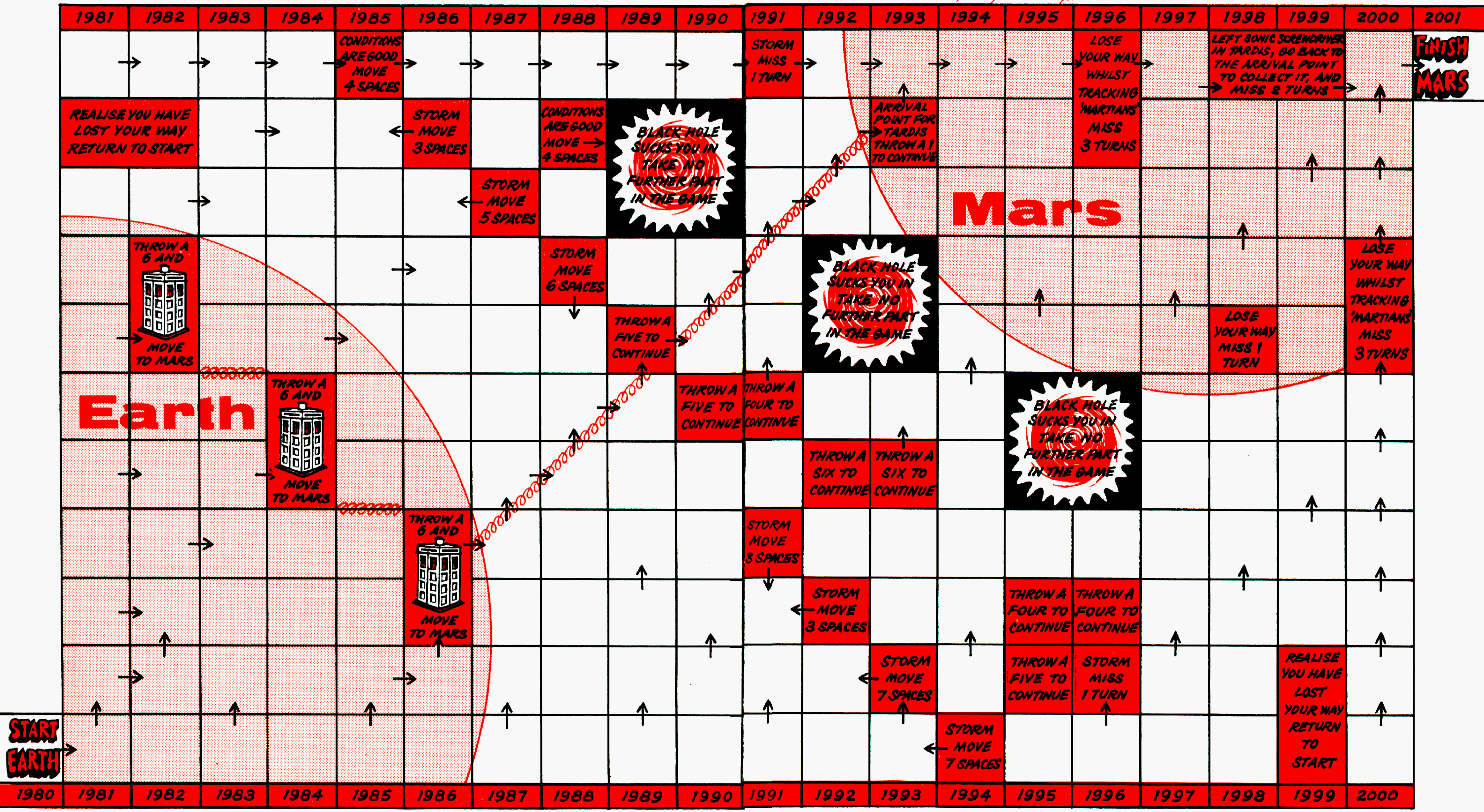
The first person to reach Mars in the year 2001 (square marked FINISH) – again with an exact throw – is the winner, and goes on to help the Doctor in yet another battle with the Ice Warriors!

Turn over the page to play the game

a game for any
number of aspiring
time travellers

For rules of game turn back to page 61

JOURNEY THROUGH TIME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CONDITIONS ARE GOOD MOVE 4 SPACES
STORM MISS 1 TURN
LOSE YOUR WAY WHILST TRACKING 'MARTIANS' MISS 3 TURNS
LEFT SONIC SCREWDRIVER IN TARDIS, GO BACK TO THE ARRIVAL POINT TO COLLECT IT, AND MISS 2 TURNS
FINISH MARS
REALISE YOU HAVE LOST YOUR WAY RETURN TO START
STORM MOVE 3 SPACES
CONDITIONS ARE GOOD MOVE 4 SPACES
BLACK HOLE SUCKS YOU IN TAKE NO FURTHER PART IN THE GAME
ARRIVAL POINT FOR TARDIS THROW A 1 TO CONTINUE
STORM MOVE 5 SPACES
Mars
THROW A 6 AND MOVE TO MARS
STORM MOVE 6 SPACES
BLACK HOLE SUCKS YOU IN TAKE NO FURTHER PART IN THE GAME
LOSE YOUR WAY WHILST TRACKING 'MARTIANS' MISS 3 TURNS
THROW A FIVE TO CONTINUE
LOSE YOUR WAY MISS 1 TURN
Earth
THROW A 6 AND MOVE TO MARS
THROW A FIVE TO CONTINUE
THROW A FOUR TO CONTINUE
BLACK HOLE SUCKS YOU IN TAKE NO FURTHER PART IN THE GAME
THROW A SIX TO CONTINUE
THROW A SIX TO CONTINUE
THROW A 6 AND MOVE TO MARS
STORM MOVE 8 SPACES
STORM MOVE 3 SPACES
THROW A FOUR TO CONTINUE
THROW A FOUR TO CONTINUE
STORM MOVE 7 SPACES
THROW A FIVE TO CONTINUE
STORM MISS 1 TURN
REALISE YOU HAVE LOST YOUR WAY RETURN TO START
START EARTH
STORM MOVE 7 SPACES
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DOCTOR WHO

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